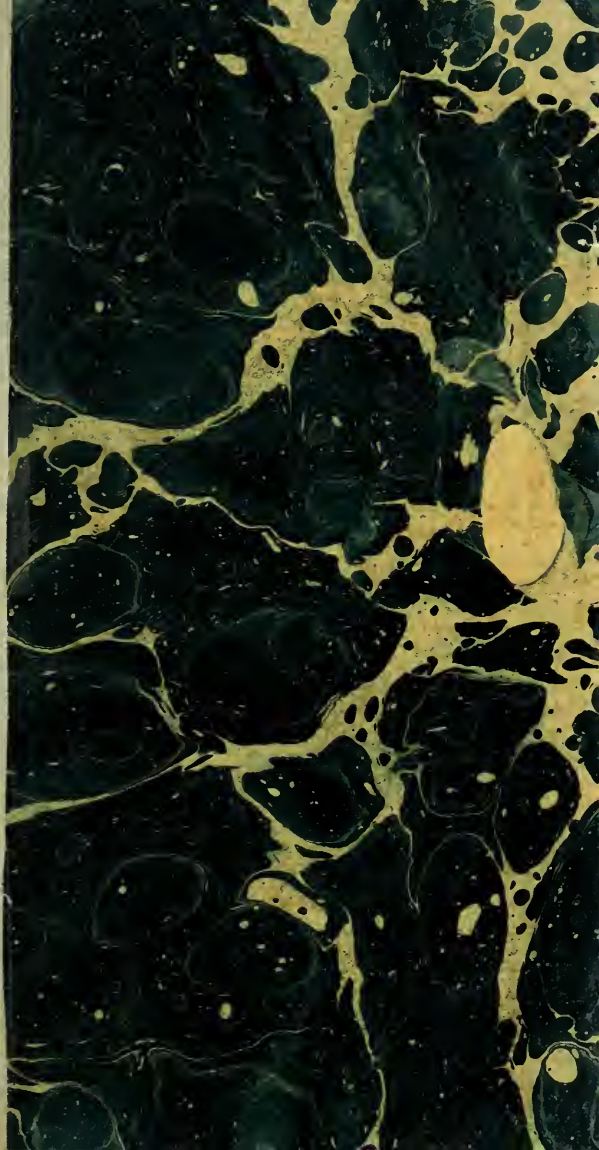


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POEMS

BY

ELIJAH BARWELL IMPEY, ESQ.

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TO LADY IMPEY.

Flushing, January, 1810.

MY DEAR AND HONOURED MADAM,

IN preparing this little volume for your perusal, I have endeavoured to turn to some advantage those hours of leisure and retirement which I am disabled by sickness from devoting to more important proofs of filial affection.

Nothing has been wanting to render this token worthy of your acceptance, that depended either upon my own efforts, or upon the encouragement and criticism bestowed on them by my literary friends.

The latter, except where a more explicit avowal has been deemed indispensable, it will be sufficient for me generally to acknowledge, without a personal reference to authorities, which might perhaps give weight to my exertions, but could add none to reputations already established.

There is a sacred respect due to some characters, which should preserve them inviolate for occasions exclusively suited to their importance.

Besides, every appeal to the public, presupposes a privilege in the public of pronouncing a definitive sentence, unbiassed by all possible respectability of private recommendation.

Had I not hoped that these productions were in some degree worthy of publication, I should not have committed them to the press : much less should I have presumed to shelter my defects as a writer, under the sanction of your revered name.

But, without affecting indifference to whatever popular success this work may obtain, I can with sincerity assure you that my principal gratification will arise from the pleasure which your maternal indulgence disposes you to feel on receiving this imperfect testimony of attachment from,

Your dutiful and affectionate son,

E. B. IMPEY.

DAYLESFORD,
A POEM,
INSCRIBED TO
WARREN HASTINGS, ESQ.

For sacred was the pen that wrote,
'Thy father's friend forget thou not.

SCOTT'S *Marmion*, *Introduct. to Cant. 4.*

DAYLESFORD.

ONCE more to Daylesford's hospitable shade
Where first my Muse her trembling wings essay'd,
Pleas'd I return, while studious to atone
'The lapse of years irrevocably flown,
Imagination takes a wider range,
And views the past contrasted with the change.

How dear to meditation is the scene !
These meadows cloath'd in variegated green,
These lawns soft-sloping to the watery verge,
Whose winding current knows no boisterous surge,

The mimic isle that blushes not to own
 Her parent art, which rear'd the moss-clad stone,
 The waving ash that crowns her rocky brow,
 And sheds her vermeil-cluster'd locks below,
 The briery copse—the hill that steals between—
 How dear to meditation is the scene !

But chief the gloom of yon sequester'd dell
 Deep as the fabled haunts where Dryads dwell,
 Invites to thought : by many a mazy turn
 Steep winds the path to it's remotest bourn,
 The centre of the groves ; where nought invades
 The still unbroken twilight of the shades,
 Save the cool whisper of the tumbling rill
 Which from the shelvy side of yon hoar hill
 Now caught, now lost amid th' obtruding leaves,
 Foams down the craggy channel which it cleaves,
 Then thro' the vale with mitigated force
 Glides unperceived forgetful of it's source ;
 As one by ceaseless persecution worn,
 Beset with ills, yet proof to fortune's scorn

Greatly retires, collected and resign'd,
Nor casts one look of self-reproach behind.

Roll, gentle Naiad, roll thy stream secure,
The taintless emblem of a soul as pure ;
And, ever as it flows, in duty say,
Whose hand entic'd thy vagrant tide to stray
Wide of it's wonted bed, and proudly pour
Down the tall cliff, thy boundary before ?
Who o'er thy banks in wild luxuriance gave
Those pendent boughs to wanton in thy wave,
And with the magic of inventive taste
Redeemed this fair creation from the waste ?

Nay, let the pious bard with pride confess
Himself indebted to that hand no less,
That fostering hand that beautified the glade,
Prun'd into shape and thicken'd into shade,
Vouchsaf'd alike his shapeless youth to mould,
And guard it's blossoms from the blasting cold,
By virtue's rules it's moral growth defin'd,
And purg'd from vice the canker of the mind.

Yes, let the careless eye content'd trace,
 Nor search beyond the glare of outward grace ;
 There's not a charm, these pensive walks impart,
 But speaks some useful lesson to the heart,
 More deeply grav'd, more eloquently told,
 Than aught in philosophic page enroll'd.
 For who yon smiling hamlet can survey,
 The rising farm new-rescu'd from decay,
 The church-way path repair'd, the warm clad poor,
 The garden fence that skirts the cottage door,
 Where now the widow'd dame forgets her tears,
 And gives to prayer the remnant of her years—
 Who can unmov'd survey ? what breast so dark
 But at the sight would catch a kindred spark,
 'Till rous'd and bursting into brighter fires
 It glows, it burns to be what it admires ?
 Or who, that treads these venerable groves,
 Feels not an honest transport as he roves,
 And in these domes reveres, but yet bewails
 The mute retreat that powerless virtue veils ?
 Where toil reposing, wakes to woe no more,
 And self-rewarded spares the public store.—

Ye powers of freedom, whom my soul adores,
 Pride, Honour, Faith—that once these haughty shores
 Arm'd and embellish'd, let it not be told
 From patriot claims that Britain could withhold
 The hard-earn'd wages of successful pains
 Borne for her sake; then plunder'd of their gains;
 That chas'd to private shades by factious hate
 Hastings unhonour'd shar'd a Scipio's fate;
 And left, like him, in characters as just,
 “Ungrateful country”* carv'd upon his bust—
 It must not be—hence inauspicious thought!
 Thus hope prophetic sets despair at nought.

“Genius of Daylesford—friend to worth deprest,
 Where science adds a dignity to rest,
 Where grace and sage morality combine,
 Still shall their due prerogatives be thine:

* In allusion to a bust of Mr. Hastings, in the possession of the Marquis of Lansdowne, inscribed after the manner of the tomb of Scipio Africanus, with these words, “*Ingrata Patria.*”

VALER. MAX.

Still shalt thou rise ; and fair betide that hour,
 Which gilds thy shades with glory, rank, and power,
 Too long o'ercast, thy dim horizon clears,
 Pours on the plains, and all the landscape cheers ;
 Flowers of unfading bloom thy banks attire,
 Thy porches swell, thy pinnacles aspire,
 And beams of mild benevolence afar
 More widely blaze from thine ascendant star."

Enough—For injur'd innocence to plead,
 To point to merit and assert the meed,
 To wail, or deprecate a nation's shame,
 Which e'en redress so late can scarce reclaim,
 Daylesford, thy shades inspire—to thee belong
 No partial bard, no mercenary song,
 No Muse who blushes to recount thy praise,
 For truth and friendship justify the lays.

AN
ELEGIAC POEM,

ADDRESSED TO
EDWARD IMPEY, ESQ.

AN

ELEGIAC POEM.



Sed totum hoc studium luctu fraterna mihi mors

Abstulit. O misero frater ademte mihi.

Tu mea tu moriens fregisti commoda, frater:

Tecum uná tota est nostra sepulta domus:

Omnia tecum uná perierunt gaudia nostra,

Quæ tuus in vitâ dulcis alebat amor.

Cujus ego interitu totâ de mente fugavi

Hæc studia, atque omnes delicias animi.

CATULLUS.

THROUGH these lone walks, and desolated bowers,
Scenes of my careless youth in happier hours,
From waste to waste perplex'd and lost I roam,
And trace, but faintly trace, my wonted home.

So chang'd, alas ! deserted and decay'd
 That scarce the Dryads own their native shade ;
 But weep their fleeting glories in the wane,
 And yield to solitude the sylvan reign.

Hush'd is the vocal dome ; no sprightly sound
 Of tuneful stop, provokes the mazy round :
 The giddy sport, the rapture unsupprest,
 The toil alternate, and the balmy rest,
 The short-liv'd cares, that ever at their birth
 By quick transition brighten'd into mirth,
 The fire of early zeal, the liberal flow
 From soul to soul of mutual bliss and woe,
 All, all are fled, and can I still forbear
 In bitterness to think that such things were ?

Dear early partners of my infant years,
 Source of my pleasures past, my future tears,
 Friends of my youth, on whom my soul relied,
 Brothers, by more than kindred ties allied,
 For you I mourn ; most cherish'd, most deplor'd,
 Both fled afar ; one ne'er to be restor'd !

For me—few traces left of bliss enjoy'd,
 No prospect onward, but a gloomy void,
 What now remains, but on the world's wide stage
 Friendless, forlorn, to waste my prime of age ?
 Unnotic'd, unemploy'd ; or if in aught
 The object of a momentary thought,
 Perchance to brook the cold insulting phrase
 Of feign'd compassion, or unmeaning praise.

Yet not of all.—Unpitying world ! let those
 Thy bounty crave, who in thy faith repose :
 Enough for me that still a few there are
 Who share my griefs—'tis all I have to share ;
 Friends with the will, if not the power, to raise,
 Whose favour fires me, and whose counsel sways :
 Foremost of all—forgive the wish too free—
 Hastings—my soul aspires to number thee :
 Belov'd, rever'd, from childhood as my sire,
 Guide of my steps, and patron of my lyre,
 Thy patience prov'd by the severest test,
 Thy wrongs by all allow'd, by none redrest,

'Thy calm philosophy, thy soul sedate,
 Amid reviling crowds serenely great,
 Teach me alike to combat with my woe ;
 Ah ! could I war like thee, and triumph so !
 Yet pardon, that alone thy wrongs I name,
 And bid th' historic Muse thy deeds proclaim :
 They trumpet-tongued for just renown shall plead,
 And future patriots envy, as they read.

Sad themes to feebler elegies belong,
 And milder virtues grace the moral song :
 Thou or retir'd, or at a nation's helm,
 Canst sweeten social life, or save a realm ;
 Meek, when exalted, dauntless when oppress'd,
 Canst smile at tempests, in thyself at rest ;
 And teach mankind in either state to prize
 The conscious mind that cheers each sacrifice.

But tho' stern Wisdom to itself severe
 Steel thy firm heart, and check the starting tear,
 Yet, touch'd by weakness to thyself unknown,
 Thy bosom bleeds for sorrows not its own.

Weep then with me, as when o'er Eliot's grave*
 Thou bad'st the never-dying cypress wave :
 Nor scorn the tribute not less duly paid
 To early worth, that flourish but to fade ;
 Ah me ! too soon to fade, while yet the bloom
 Of hopeful youth announc'd a better doom,
 Else had his virtues rais'd one trophy more
 To grace the good, the glorious name he bore ;
 But fate forbad.—To sultry climes a prey,
 Snatch'd from his home, and weeping friends away,
 'Midst hordes unknown, beneath whose ruthless skies
 Clos'd in a foreign grave my brother lies !
 No parent's hand his parting pangs allay'd,
 No sister breath'd a requiem to his shade,

* See Mr. Hastings's beautiful imitation of Horace, ode xiii.
 book 2.

An early death was Eliot's doom,
 I saw his opening virtues bloom,
 And manly sense unfold,
 Too soon to fade : I bade the stone
 Record his name, 'mid hordes unknown,
 Unknowing what it told.

No brethren rang'd along the dreary way
 Held the black pall, and led the long array:
 'Reft of it's dearest dues his injur'd bier
 Unheeded pass'd, nor drank one kindred tear.

One only friend—just Heav'n the deed requite!
 One only friend perform'd the solemn rite;
 Mourn'd o'er his ashes with a father's care,
 And bade the stone a fair memorial bear
 Of modest worth, that late aspires to fame,
 In all the fragrance of a spotless name.

Dear, generous bard! whose breast congenial knew
 To prize the virtues, which it harbour'd too;
 With artless grace their tuneful meed to pour,
 And by thy practice recommend them more;
 Oh! let me bless again thy pious aid,
 Nor leave my debt of gratitude unpaid;
 On all thy tender acts of bounty dwell,
 On all I strongly feel, but feebly tell.—

And shall my Muse in profitless despair
 Still faltering cease th' allotted task to share?

Ah no ! for who his merits should attest
 But he who felt, rever'd, and lov'd them best ;
 Shar'd all his thoughts, observ'd his growing worth,
 And saw his embryo virtues blossom forth ?

What time array'd in friendship's early guise,
 Warm from the heart the generous passions rise,
 His guileless soul no sordid interest knew,
 Firm to each trust, unalterably true ;
 Slow to solicit, eager to impart,
 His liberal hand accorded with his heart :
 His was the wish by continence refin'd,
 And e'en that wish denied, he ne'er repin'd,
 Nor idly gave the selfish sorrow vent,
 But gladly shar'd or yielded with content :
 His gentle voice, that knew no harsher tone,
 Rever'd the menial's feelings as his own ;
 Attracted, sooth'd, with kind complacence won,
 And each domestic lov'd him, as his son.

His ripening years no tyrant vice defil'd,
 Still were his pastimes innocent and mild ;

Life's bouyant tide ran chasten'd thro' his veins,
 Nor e'er to riot gave the slacken'd reins,
 But taught his well-pois'd element to gain
 That golden mean, which sages preach in vain.
 Yet tho' the milder virtues calm'd his breast,
 Valour within her ample throne possess'd :
 A foe to broils, unpractis'd in despite,
 Bold and determin'd in defence of right,
 Of blushing diffidence a sample rare,
 Of soul unblemish'd, as of favour fair,
 Of manly mind, e'er manhood yet began,
 Blameless to God, benevolent to Man,
 Such was his youth, so clos'd his speedy race,
 A world of worth in life's contracted space.
 And could not all retard th' untimely blow,
 Nor foil the fatal shaft that laid him low ?
 Was there no guardian pow'r to interpose
 And spare a mother's tears, a father's woes ?

Ah ! hapless parents ! doom'd at life's decline
 In thwarted hope's keen agony to pine,

Was it for this, that worn with anxious care,
 Ye wearied heav'n with many a bootless prayer?
 For this in dread suspense of hopes and fears
 Elud out the remnant of your waning years?
 For this the pains of age regretless bore,
 Rebuk'd the tedious days, yet pray'd for more,
 And fondly wish'd, with a parental eye,
 Once more to gaze upon his face, and die?

How prone to err, how ignorantly blind,
 Is all the vaunted foresight of mankind!
 While thus ye mus'd, unconscious of his fate,
 Vain were your dreams, and all your prayers too late;
 For he ere then had reach'd the peaceful urn,
 His long, last home—ne'er fated to return.

Ah! then, farewell—all-hallow'd be thy rest,
 And light the soil that presses on thy breast,
 Thou noblest youth! thou gentlest, and thou best;
 Farewel the fond desire, indulg'd in vain,
 With thee to tread these wonted paths again;

}
}

Together pause o'er many a tale re-told
 Of all our boyish feats achiev'd of old ;
 And all our years of tedious absence o'er,
 Here to repose, here meet to part no more.

Rous'd by that strain, remembrance idly strays
 From objects present to departed days ;
 With boundless range each opening scene reviews—
 Each opening scene some past delight renews :
 Till forms from Time's oblivious waste retriev'd,
 Cheat the fond sight that strives to be deceived ;
 Each pulse accordant throbs with livelier youth,
 And fiction half re-kindles into truth.

From yon bold steep that overlooks the vale,
 Wide was the view, refreshing was the gale ;
 There oft' we paus'd to guide the roving eye
 Where to the East the sloping uplands lie ;
 While many a spiry turret rose between,
 Park, forest, heath, and cultivated green ;
 Then nearer mark'd the rising smoke betray
 Where the close-shelter'd neighbouring hamlet lay :

Thence homeward turning to the southern steep,
 Whose waving outline intercepts the deep,
 Clos'd in those narrow bounds we smil'd to view
 Our little world, nor dream'd as yet of new ;
 Unseen, unheard, beyond, the billows roar'd ;
 Oh ! had they still been ever unexplor'd !
 Oh ! had ye ne'er resign'd a state like this
 In blind pursuit of visionary bliss !

For why, since few the sweets that life bestows
 By self-inflicted ills diminish those ?
 Enough were ever ample, if we knew
 Th' ideal good to balance with the true,
 And thence discern, where'er ambition tends,
 How vague her means, inadequate her ends ;
 How blest the mind, whose temperance needs but these,
 Health, freedom, innocence, domestic ease !

To dear domestic pleasures, now no more,
 Still let me turn, tho' hopeless to restore ;
 Still, Memory, still indulge the soothing strain,
 Dwell on the past, and dream of bliss again.

Oft' has yon aged Oak's o'er-branching shade
 Yielded the kindly covert when we play'd;
 Beneath their shelt'ring arch secure and warm
 Oft have we mark'd the pelting of the storm;
 Or strove with rival speed, and ready sleight
 Foremost to mount, and gain the nodding height:
 Or lowlier oft', when studious hours inspir'd,
 Beneath their cool umbrageous boughs retir'd
 We sat us down; nor felt the lapse of time,
 Lull'd with the music of some heavenly rhyme.

But all is silence now: Farewell the song,
 The shady bench, the mute attentive throng
 Farewell! No more I'll woo the fairy dream
 By poets fabled at the wizard stream;
 Nor in these twilight shades embosom'd feel
 Congenial peace upon my senses steal.

For no retirement can exclude the din
 That loudly raging storms the breast within;
 No lulling gale, still shade, and sky serene,
 Can on the soul impress the peaceful scene:

Far different then, while yet unus'd to woe
 Pure as the breeze the unfetter'd spirits flow ;
 All objects then from the beholder's sight
 Imbibe the borrow'd colour of delight ;
 The landscape glows in livelier tints array'd,
 And wilder wood-notes warble in the glade :
 But as advancing years their tribute bear
 Of grief, or sickness, want, and withering care,
 Each source of bliss embitter'd turns to pain,
 As the fresh stream, that mingles with the main.

For in itself the pregnant mind contains
 The latent seeds of pleasures and of pains,
 Whose gross external instruments alone
 From her derive their temper and their tone ;
 Themselves incapable, at her controul
 They touch the chords that vibrate to the soul ;
 By fancies varying with her wayward will
 Enhance the good, and aggravate the ill,
 And o'er the breast, as different passions warm,
 Assume the power to torture or to charm.

Yon decent Farm, that crowns the circling mead,
 Where scatter'd flocks and lowing oxen feed,
 And deck'd in mantling vines, and woodbine gay
 With hospitable front adorns the way,
 There were we wont to share the rustic cheer
 Earn'd by the patient labour of a year :
 There the quaint jest, and antiquated tale,
 The frothy can replete with flowing ale,
 And many an uncouth catch and rude essay
 Of antic feat prolong'd the genial day.
 And haply too—for youth is ever free—
 We led the dance, and caught the general glee ;
 Handed the cup, and fram'd some homely strain
 To hail the season, and exhort the swain ;
 While oft some hoary guest with simple truth
 Heap'd many a blessing on our dawning youth ;
 Or breath'd in silent vows a sober zeal,
 And smil'd foreboding of our future weal.

Vain, empty prayers ! prediction rarely true,
 From past felicity to argue new !

Life's early promise smiles but to betray,
 Like the short snatches of an April day ;
 Fair breaks the Morn, till gathering clouds combine,
 And twilight thickens, ere the Sun decline.

Yet turn again ; that lowly bower survey,
 Whose quivering oziers o'er the waters play ;
 Rear'd by our hands the darling fabric there
 Grew into shape, and own'd our fostering care ;
 And oft' our playful industry repaid
 With the fresh zephyr and the noontide shade ;
 For there we lov'd the luring bait to throw,
 And patient search the peopled stream below ;
 Or plunge beneath the wave, or thither guide
 The light skiff dancing on the ruffled tide :

Hard by with pendent shrubs and rocky steep
 A little Island rises o'er the deep :
 Romantic Fancy paints in fond review
 The busy plots which there my Childhood drew ;
 Whene'er intent the mimic war to wage
 We nimbly strove with counterfeited rage,

These from the deck with active leap to gain
 The slippery bank, those struggling to maintain :
 E'en now the clamorous rout, the splashing oar,
 The white sail flapping on the leeward shore,
 All the rude sports that bustled o'er the isle
 Crowd on my thoughts, and force a tearful smile.
 A tearful smile is all I can bestow
 On objects once so dear, so bitter now.

What boot they now but this sad truth to trace,
 That I survive, the remnant of my race ;
 In vain my lost companions to deplore,
 To hear their voices in the waters roar,
 Or near the accustom'd grove their forms descry,
 Pictur'd in wild Imagination's eye?

For all surviving relics of delight
 Are but the faint recorders of it's flight,
 Aid but our woes, or feebly charm at most,
 Like shipwreck'd trophies rear'd upon the coast,
 That lowering o'er the deeps they grac'd before,
 In sad memorial mark the fatal shore.

O vain Prosperity! thou specious curse,
 Whose transient sweets embitter thy reverse,
 Better at once thy treacherous cup forego,
 Than by the draught unnerv'd await the blow.

Yet, yet forbear, irreverently vain,
 Heav'n's all-disposing Wisdom to arraign.
 All human bliss is borrow'd, not our own—
 Why rail, if Providence resume the loan?
 E'en our regrets from Heav'n's indulgence flow;
 Were good withheld, it's loss we ne'er should know:
 Then rather bless that unexhausted store
 That for each blessing past, can lavish more;
 That chastening hand, on Mercy still intent,
 That first suspends, then smooths the punishment.

Firm to that Faith my soul expatiates free,
 O'er-leaps each barrier, and reverts to thee,
 To thee the best resource that heav'n can lend,
 My latest hope—my Brother and my friend.

O ever present in my fancy's sight,
 My thought by day, my vision in the night,

From thy kind hand I still may find relief,
 And quaff the soothing antidote to grief;
 Bare all my breast, and bid thee claim the space,
 Which, but a Brother, who can e'er replace?
 There let us both, forgetful of our woes,
 In unreserv'd security repose;
 And, as yon elms their ivied arches throw,
 Conspire, conform, and to each other grow,
 There friendship shall assert his ample reign,
 And round us twine th' indissoluble chain.

Impatient of the bliss my Genius hails
 Thy glad return. Arise propitious gales,
 Speed the swift bark, and crowd the swelling sails. }
 Welcome! thrice welcome to thy native soil!
 The genial hearth, the fond parental smile
 Await thee still, and bless thy cheerful home
 With large reserve of comforts yet to come.

No more the torrid sun's unhallow'd ray
 Shall waste thy rifled vigour to decay,
 Whether he blazes in his fiercest noon,
 Or gleams infectious in the dank monsoon:

Here milder planets temperately glow ;
 No scorching blast, but gales that gently blow,
 Salute thy cheek ; beneath thy way-worn tread
 Springs the fresh verdure of the daisied mead.

These woods a soft deciduous foliage wear,
 With grateful change to recreate the year ;
 Their safe retreats, and unmolested shades
 No savage din of hungry yell invades,
 Nor in the grassy path, and rustling brake
 Lurks the fell tiger, or the hooded snake.

What tho' for thee no freighted vessels weigh
 From Ganges eastward bound to far Cathay,
 From rich Bahar, and Lanka's* fragrant hills
 Waft the dull opium, and the spicy quills ;
 And speed in noxious traffic o'er the main
 Increase of luxury, the public bane ;

* Lanka is the mythological capital of Ceylon.

Tho' at thy call no proud retinue wait,
 No gorgeous equipage of eastern state ;
 Nor listless apathy thy spirits drowse,
 Nor foul intemperance pour the full carouze ;
 What tho' nor millions heap thy swelling hoard,
 Nor the gemm'd goblet sparkle at thy board,
 Yet purer joys to Pageantry deny'd,
 Yet sweet content ill-forfeited to Pride,
 And every bliss, whose homelier sweets combine
 To cheer life's lonely vale, may still be thine ;
 Thine native freedom, peace, and vigourous health,
 And easy competence, for restless wealth :
 These at thy wish a liberal father's store
 Will freely give ; Thy temperance needs no more.

These are the bounds that skirt Life's golden mean ;
 Pride soars beyond, but Wisdom rests between ;
 For these, full many a year of toil and pain
 Too late reclaim'd, Ambition sighs in vain ;
 And all her dreams of shadowy joys o'erpast,
 This solid good confesses at the last.

But thou betimes the moral truth attend,
And boldly dare begin where others end,
What all by late experience learn to prize,
Who first enjoys, is providently wise.

OUR NATIVE SOIL,

A PARAPHRASED TRANSLATION

OF A

LATIN POEM,

ENTITLED

“NATALE SOLUM,”

BY THE LATE

EDWARD VENABLES VERNON,

STUDENT OF CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD,

WHICH OBTAINED THE CHANCELLOR'S PRIZE AT THAT
UNIVERSITY, A. D. 1804.

DEDICATED BY PERMISSION TO

HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

DEDICATION.

I MAY venture with the greater confidence to solicit your Grace's acceptance of this Dedication, as the only motive which urges me to present it will necessarily transfer the whole of your attention from myself to an object of the nearest and most natural concern.

The composition, which is honoured by so flattering an introduction to the public, can advance no stronger title to that distinction, than that it bears testimony to the merits of a beloved and lamented son.

The affection which I bore, in common with all his cotemporaries, to the regretted author of the Original, first induced me to offer this tribute to his memory.

DEDICATION.

Nowhere could it be dedicated with greater propriety than to a Parent whose early instruction and example were, under Providence, the chief source of the many virtues and amiable qualities which conciliated and secured that affection.

By authorizing me to annex the Original Poem, your Grace has supplied the only just criterion by which the comparative merits and defects of the English imitation can be appreciated, and at the same time materially advanced the value of my publication, not only by the benefit of so important an accession, but also by the opportunity which it has afforded me of acknowledging the obligation thus conferred on,

Your Grace's

Most respectful and obedient

Humble Servant,

E. B. IMPEY.

OUR NATIVE SOIL.

——— *Vattene in pace alma beata e bella*
Così i miei versi avessin forza, come
Ben m'affaticherei con tutta quella
Arte che tanto il parlarorna e come,
Perche mille e null' anni, e pia novella
Sentisse il mondo del tuo chiaro nome :
— *Vattene in pace à la superna sede.*

WHENCE the fond Passion, whose endearing band
Links in each clime the native to the land,
What secret impulse bids his bosom burn
To guard with arms, with science to adorn,
With wit to polish, cultivate with toil,
And live or die devoted to the soil,

I sing.—The source and glory of the song,
 Lamented Vernon, to thy shade belong ;
 'Tis mine in homelier numbers to attire
 Thy thoughts, and strive to emulate their fire :
 Too soon, alas ! ere it had reach'd it's blaze,
 Quench'd was that fire, and wither'd were thy bays ;
 Or ere thy weeping country yet could feel
 Half thy dear loss, unaided by thy zeal,
 Which else had realiz'd that generous rage
 Whose pledge survives recorded on thy page :
 Fate grudg'd the rest.—Peace to thine honour'd urn !
 Thou to thy task, reluctant Muse, return.

First of this Truth, howe'er Enthusiasts deem,
 Be warn'd (and Proofs shall certify the theme)
 That of her sons whate'er a Nation claims
 Of love that melts, of interest that inflames,
 Of pride that stimulates, from Heav'n acquires
 No inborn heat, no preternatural fires ;
 For what in Man instinctive force we call,
 Is one gross principle diffus'd thro' all.

Less mark'd in some, but common to the kind,
 And to each stage of life alike assign'd;
 Not so our Country's love.—Explore it's source—
 In Childhood ere her intellectual force
 'The Mind hath yet attain'd, or Reason taught
 Of good or ill to estimate in aught,
 In vain we seek it—No regret detains
 The infant banish'd from his native plains;
 Grant but his nurse, his food, and wonted toys,
 He knows no change, nor feels decrease of joys:
 For Memory still to trivial cares confin'd
 Leaves no severer vestige on his mind;
 Not as if torn from the parental breast
 Where all his plaints were hush'd, his wants redrest;
 For Nature then had dictated his woes.
 His Country's love from tardier habit flows,
 And none e'er yet bewail'd a blessing lost
 But measur'd the privation by the cost.
 Here Use Affection's latent source supplies,
 And sways the mind by more than natural ties,

Sweetens of life's sad cup the bitt'rest lees
And gives e'en Want ability to please.

Heed but the proof.—In barbarous realms, that lie
Beneath the terrors of a tropic sky,
Where the swart star's unmitigable blaze
Preys on Mankind, and dwindles half their days,
Cayenne's pale tenants as securely boast
The sickly product of that feverish coast,
As if mild Nature had exhausted there
Her choicest stores, and breath'd the sweetest air.

Whate'er diversities in man are seen
Th' effects of clime in temper and in mien,
Of this all mortals share an equal dole,
On Afric's deserts, as beneath the Pole,
Where to the blast Siberia's forests groan,
And frosts eternal block the Northern zone,
The tracts of Winter—whose unblest domain
Ne'er blush'd with fruits, or wav'd with golden grain ;

There nor embower'd in ivy-tangled groves
 Sad Philomela chants her storied loves ;
 Nor flowers their breath to panting zephyrs fling,
 Or weave the many-colour'd robe of Spring ;
 Nor rich Vertumnus there delights to twine
 Round the tall elm the purple-cluster'd vine :
 Yet there contented with his little store,
 And amply rich in ignorance of more,
 The fur-clad Savage dwells ; there train'd to toil
 He claims no tribute of the thrifty soil,
 But forc'd by hardier exigence for food,
 Roams the bleak mountain and besets the wood,
 Nor quits the chace, though brooding storms amain
 Swell the loud gust, and pour the sheeted rain ;
 With grim delight he eyes the wintry waste,
 And laughs to mark the havoc of the blast ;
 'Till hous'd at length he hails his lowly shed,
 The frugal diet, and the rushy bed—
 Blest e'en in Poverty ! for such before
 His brave forefathers unrepining bore,
 And such, like them, his heart exults to own,
 And prize beyond a palace and a throne.

Nor think the bliss alone we hold most dear,
 But all our chief regrets are center'd here :
 For each past blessing leaves a craving void,
 In due proportion to the sum enjoy'd.
 Mark the poor Exile—friendless and forlorn,
 Torn from his home, to distant regions borne
 Far, far away. Why o'er his faded cheek
 Rolls the big tear? and spiritless and weak
 Life's pulses flutter—with a longing cast
 His eyes reverted linger to the last,
 Nor homeward cease, tho' now remote, to roam
 To the lone threshold, and the widow'd dome ;
 Whilst the thick sobs, that at his bosom swell,
 Scarce yield an utterance to the last farewell;
 Say, does he mourn his peril, or disgrace,
 His forfeit wealth, the ruin of his race?
 Ah no ! still nearer griefs his soul engross ;
 E'en Honour here 's a secondary loss !
 Spoil'd and bereft at one disastrous blow
 Of all Life's charms (for Use had made them so)
 Friends, kindred, home—dear hospitable bowers !
 Scenes of delight in more propitious hours—

Alas the change ! all lost, abandon'd now—
 This heaves his breast, for this his eyes o'erflow.
 For this resorting to the lonely shore
 Frequent he listens to the billowy roar,
 Broods o'er his fate, and gazing far, bewails
 The waves that part him from his native vales.
 Or in some close sequester'd glade retir'd
 Dreams of past years, and pleasures long expir'd :
 There as in pleasing solace of his pain
 He bids the lute or vocal reed complain,
 If chance a stray note's accidental fall
 Some long-remember'd melody recal,
 Some well-known strain that once could charm, before
 His ruthless country spurn'd him from her shore,
 Then bursts the sigh, then tears in torrents roll,
 And grief's insatiate tide o'erwhelms the soul.
 A like emotion, but compar'd to this
 Less strong we feel, of mingled pain and bliss,
 Whene'er those lov'd abodes return to view
 Within whose tutelary walls we grew
 From boy to Man. The sports, the studious shade,
 Streams where we bath'd, and meadows where we stray'd,

Delight us still. So fares his labouring breast,
Tortur'd, tho' pleas'd, reliev'd, but still oppress.

Yet more; by plainer evidence to shew
Not all his cares from cross'd ambition flow,
Free from the stings of indigence and shame
The rich and prosperous sustain the same;
'There are, who self-exil'd unbidden run
To distant shores, beneath another sun,
And crown'd with fairer auspices explore
Thy banks, O Ganges, and thy plains, Mysore.
Bent on superfluous gain for this they pine,
For this life's best societies resign—
Domestic ties, fond friends, a smiling band,
And all the free-born blessings of the land:
Yet these, tho' fann'd by Fortune's fickle breeze
O'erfraught with wealth, and surfeited with ease,
Tho' idly grave, or indolently gay,
Glides the smooth tenor of their years away,
E'en these full oft' in bitterness of mind
Sigh for those humbler joys they left behind,

Revolve the past, compare the present scene,
 And wish too late the change had never been :
 Oft 'mid the revels of the social board
 That proudly groans with orient dainties stor'd,
 A tender thought intrudes—with care opprest,
 All speechless sits the melancholy guest ;
 Strives unobserv'd to steal a hidden sigh,
 And check the tear that glistens at his eye.

Oft too in dreams unreal forms arise,
 And scenes long vanish'd from his waking eyes ;
 The kind associates of his earlier years,
 His parents bath'd in venerable tears
 Stretch their fond arms, and feebly seem to say ;
 “ Whither, ah whither would'st thou madly stray ?
 “ Ah why for visionary joys forego
 “ Substantial good, and barter bliss for show ?
 “ Why quit the path, that straight to Peace conveys,
 “ To roam in Care's inextricable maze ?
 Rous'd by grief's counterfeit he wakes to weep,
 And feels confirm'd the warnings of his sleep,

Then burns with new desire to feed again
 His longing eyes with sights belov'd in vain.—
 In vain! for ah! to intercept the scene
 Huge mountains rise, and oceans roll between.

These truths allow'd, the last remains, to prove
 The livelier impulse of our Country's love.
 On foreign sands by winds and billows cast
 Wide of his course, yet safe in port at last,
 Say what allures the mariner again
 To brave the perils of the boisterous main?
 Worn with long voyage, and breathless from the seas
 Here might he rest, here live and die at ease,
 But that his restless mind, still homeward bent,
 All comfort spurns, a stranger to content;
 None but his native cot can these afford:
 Fir'd at the thought, anon he springs aboard,
 And with unfitted hull and shatter'd sail
 Stems the rough surge, and buffets with the gale:
 What tho' athwart the broad Atlantic deep
 Fierce squalls from equinoctial tempests sweep,

Yet forth he fares, and struggles undismay'd
 Thro' countless toils—and deems those toils o'erpaid,
 When from aloft his eager eye descries
 The first faint land-mark in the distance rise.
 Then to his own lov'd tenement restor'd,
 The busy household, and familiar board,
 From his own hearth he feels the cheering blaze,
 There pleas'd recounts the feats of former days,
 And lull'd to slumber, where no storms molest,
 On his own couch he lays him down to rest.

Such, all-assuasive Custom, such thy skill
 Each good to mend, and compensate each ill;
 Whence in all states, in ev'ry clime and age
 Peculiar claims the Patriot's aid engage :
 For this the Warrior's arm, the Sage's toil,
 The daily peril, and the midnight oil,
 By different means conspiring to one end,
 The public weal embellish and defend.

Such were the strong incentives that of yore
 Fir'd the brave race that Rome and Athens bore.

Both flourish'd long by native valour stay'd,
 'Till Patriot Worth with Liberty decay'd.

O thou with Freedom blest beyond compare,
 Auspicious Isle, the warlike and the fair,
 Mother of Arts and Arms, Britannia, say
 Whence is thy power that bids the world obey?
 Whence are thy sons as much for zeal renown'd,
 As thou with fame above all empires crown'd?
 Not that to furthest realms thine out-stretch'd hand
 Jove-like extends the sceptre of command,
 That with the spoils of many a signal day
 Half India's provinces the war repay;
 That trophies rear'd in naval pride record
 On ev'ry coast the triumphs of thy sword;
 That Gallia's flag revers'd, ignobly waves
 To flush thy heroes, or adorn their graves;
 That smiling Commerce every sail expands
 To waft thee wealth from all the vassal lands,
 And bids thy Thames in lordly state survey
 Sole paramount, the tribute that they pay—
 These are thy glories, matchless Isle, yet these
 Poor in themselves, collaterally please;

For all thy pomp at home, thy fame abroad,
 Were worthless as the praise when slaves applaud,
 But that a firmer base thy power sustains,
 A proud exemption from despotic chains ;
 That thou, of all the nations, thou alone
 Unaw'd by foreign Laws, rever'st thine own ;
 That pois'd by Justice and confirm'd by might,
 Thou guard'st the Subject's and the Monarch's right,
 Whose just obedience and sage rule evince
 A free-born People and a generous Prince ;
 That spite of wars, thine independent reign
 Internal Peace and Policy maintain.



NATALE SOLUM.

UNDE hominum sese insinuans per pectora cunctos
 Ducit amor Patriæ, cur hanc mirarier unam
 Hanc colére agnoscant blandâ dulcedine capti
 Hanc studiis ornare ardent, armisque tueri
 Expediam, ut potero, paucis, causasque docebo.

Illud enim in primis moneo, et dabit ipsa fidem res,
 Nequis inexpletum Terræ natalis amorem
 Affectusq; animi tantos divinitùs ortos
 Credat, et ingenitos humanis mentibus esse ;
 Quippe quod ingenitum est, id vitæ tempore in omni
 Prodat se indiciis manifestis usque necesse est ;
 At verò queis ridet adhuc puerilior ætas,
 Et nondum maturi habilis vigor ingenii vim
 Explicuit docuitque vices dignoscere rerum,
 Non illi, consueta modò sibi cætera restent
 Gaudia, non illi patriis excedere flentes
 Sedibus, aut tenerâ virgo quasi matre relictâ
 Concipere inde solent memori sub mente dolores.
 Quare non istâ hæc fieri ratione putandum est.
 Sed potius quia consuetudo pectora mulcens
 Vi tacitâ quâdam regit, et prædulcia fingit
 Omnia, et arcano mentem devincit amore.

Atque adcò indiciis fas hoc cognoscere certis
 Est tibi ; nam positas sub iniquo sidere terras
 Si quis, et immitis semper patientia cœli
 Barbara regna colat, nihilo tamen ardet in illis
 Segniùs, et toto hæc miratur pectore, quam si
 Divitias Natura suas profunderat illic
 Passim, et floruerant anni ridentis honores :

Quid Libyæ memorem semper ferventis arenas,
 Quid porrò regionem illam, quà frigore semper
 Fama est occludi cœlum intractabile, fines
 Propter Hyperboreos gelidique Carambusis undam ?
 Illic nec latitans hederæ Philomela sub umbrâ
 Dulce melos resonat, nec verno tempore flores
 Lætifici pingunt, nec odora rosaria terram ;
 Non oleæ segetesq; vigent, nec vinea fætu
 Purpureo, aut redolet pomis felicibus arbor.

Sed modico assuetus semper patiensq; laborum
 Incola difficilem vitam colit horridus, inter
 Terribiles iras aquilonum, et turbine nimbos
 Crebro incumbentes, et inhospita flabra procellæ.
 Ille tamen patrio victum de more petitem
 Exiguosque lares et tecta mapalia cannâ,
 Pauperiemque humilem in consuetis sedibus, ante
 Auratasque domos, atque ante palatia regum
 Ponit, et his felix penitus sibi plaudit in agris,
 Quò magis haud aliâ credas ab origine nasci
 Mirandum patriæ semper ridentis amorem.

Porrò infelicitis mentem sævi unde dolores
 Exulis exaniment, quò tantum vulnere corda
 Percita succumbant, cùm jam natalia fletu

Rura miser, charosque lares et limina nota
 Linquit, et extremum vix edit denique linguâ
 Deficiente Vale—sedes cur respicit illas
 Pallida perfusus guttis rorantibus ora ?
 Scilicet haud illum subeundæ infamia pœnæ
 Tantum dura movet, nec sæva pericula terrent,
 Non agri neque mordet opum jactura snarum,
 Sed quòd cuncta sibi puncto videt unius horæ
 Mutari, cœtus hominum, et consueta locorum,
 Ruraque quæ toties lætus peragraverat, et quas
 Longa dies animo notas adjunxerat ædes :
 Hoc est quòd gemitus hoc quòd suspiria surgant.
 Ergo errans tacitus peregrino in litore tristes
 Ille suos animo casus, et flebile fatum
 Usque adeò meditatur et in deserta recedens
 Avia, præteritos lustrat non immemor agros ;
 Atque ibi vocali mulcens vel arundine curas,
 Vel docto citharam pertentans pollice, notum
 Attigerit si forte melos memorataque quondam
 Carmina (cum pulsus nondum natalibus arvis
 Esset, et incolumis staret fortuna suorum,)
 Tum vero lacrymæ fluere et concussa moveri
 Pectora, et exoritur luctûs miranda cupido.

Et velut anteacti forsit lustrantibus ævi

Tempora, si quando subeant loca dulcia nobis
 Quæ pueros fovere, atq; in queis lusimus olim
 Limina, perfusas illâ dulcedine mentes
 Mixta subit tacito quòdam mærore voluptas,
 Ille suo haud aliter multum indulgere dolori
 Gaudet, et æternum pascit sub pectore vulnus.

Neve feros ideo credas crevisse dolores
 Quod sibi fracta domûs tantum fortuna labascit,
 En tibi qui terras alio sub sole jacentes
 Finibus avecti patriis, melioribus ultrò
 Auspiciis petiere ; vides ut sæpe dolorem
 Corde premant tacitum, quamvis arrideat illis
 Usque adeò fortuna favens, placidoque tenore
 Semper eant miseris immunes luctibus anni :
 I, pete quos stimulans amor irrequietus habendi :
 Impulit, ut Patriam, placidæq; domestica vitæ
 Gaudia posthabeant cupidi, et conquirere summas
 Enitantur opes, uberrima regna Mysoræ
 Inter, et assiduis sitientes solibus Indos.
 His tamen his etiam videas quam sæpe recursans
 Prædulcis Patriæ mentem contristat imago,
 Quosque reliquerunt sedes mirantur, et alto
 Multa recordantes secum sub pectore versant.
 Ergo illis etiam media inter festa, dapesque

Lætificas, turbari animi, tristique dolores
 Fronte sedent, tremuloque micant in lumine guttæ.

Sæpe etiam in somnis, si vera est fama, relictæ
 Ante oculos astare domus, astare videntur
 Cætus amicorum, et perfusi fletibus ora
 Sæpius amplexus blandos inferre parentes :
 Audiri et voces—"Heu! quid speciosa sequendo
 "Deserere hæc properas multum majoris habenda,
 "Atque per ambages frustra palare, viarum
 "Inscius, et studio circumvectaris inani?"
 Ast illi somnis miserum trepidare fugatis
 Continuò, et miro corda accenduntur amore,
 Antiquas iterum patrum convisere sedes,
 Atque oculos dulci specie saturare suorum—
 Nequicquam! quoniam stridens immitibus undis
 Distinct Oceanus, tractusq; immanis aquarum.

Denique jactatus sævuum incumbentibus Euris
 Navita, cum portus tutos et littora tandem
 Attigerit peregrina, quibus consistere fessus
 Et reliquum incolumis vitæ decurrere posset,
 Dei age, quid patriam perstat conquirere? dic quid
 Tranat Atlantæi fragili rate magna profunda
 Æquoris, et quanquam violento turbine venti

Omne salum perfleat, pluviis e nubibus atrox
 Tempestas glomerata ruat, tamen ille minaci
 Credere se cœlo, pelagisque sonantibus audet?
 Nimirum noto rursus requiescere lecto
 Dilectosque ardet curam lustrare penates---
 Hoc pro tot cœli mariumque laboribus unum
 Expetit, hoc animo multum prægestit apisci.

Usque adeò assiduæ vis consuetudinis ingens
 Efficit, ut mirâ quâdam dulcedine cunctos
 Ducat amor patriæ, penitusq; ardere sub altis
 Mentibus, et toto dominari in pectore possit.
 Ergo etiam et studiis hanc exornare laborant
 Semper, ob hanc animas certant effundere letho.
 Sic olim Graiæ gentes sic maxima Roma
 Egrediâ viguere diu virtute suorum.

At Tu, quanto alias felix Brittannia gentes
 Laudibus exsuperas, tanto magis et tibi prolem
 Obstrictam ingenti studio et pietate fideli
 Optima mater, habes: Non, quod maria omnia circum
 Ingenti premis imperio, quòd litore in omni
 Tot tibi navali surgunt ex ære tropæa;
 Non quòd longinqui domitis a finibus orbis
 Eoas submittat opes tibi discolor Indus

Non tuus ingenti Thamesis quòd fluminis undâ
Convecta extremi excipiat commerciâ mundi—
Sed quòd sola tuis servilia vincula natis
Demere, quòd sancto legum moderamine nôsti
Imperium validum firmare ; quòd omnibus æquum
Consulis, atque acres populos cum rege potenti
Conciliās, quòd amica tuis laté otia regnis
Et dulci instauras sub Libertate quietem.

THE SYLPHS;
OR,
THE ROSICRUCIAN ISLAND.

A DRAMATIC POEM,

INSCRIBED

TO THE MEMORY OF A LADY,

FOR THE AMUSEMENT OF WHOSE FAMILY IT WAS

ORIGINALLY COMPOSED.

PREFATORY EPISTLE,

ADDRESSED

TO A FRIEND.

MY DEAR SIR,

THE following composition, which has already, in manuscript, been favoured with your acceptance, will, I hope, in its enlarged state and typographical dress, preserve it's claim to your approbation.

That approbation indeed it is which has stimulated me to attempt extending to a more numerous class of juvenile readers that mixture of entertainment and

moral instruction which you have deigned to consider as not unserviceable to your family.

I have been further prompted to this design by an ardent wish to record in some way, the feelings of my gratitude for the encouragement bestowed by your late inestimable lady upon this little drama, which, as it was once in some degree made conducive to the exercise of those virtues where she shone unrivalled, may now with peculiar propriety be presented as an offering to her memory.

That I have had recourse to the dramatic form as a vehicle for pleasure and improvement, is in conformity with the opinions and practice of many great and learned men in all ages, who have judged colloquial writing to be exclusively well adapted to the purposes of education ; and the liberal and enlightened professors of that great national institution, where it is my pride to have passed my earlier years, have always admitted it among other means for advancing the knowledge, and enlarging the intellects of their pupils.

With these examples before me I have felt myself perfectly warranted in the conveyance of moral sentiments through the medium of Fable ; but my responsibility reaches only in this case to the propriety of execution ; the ground-work of the piece being borrowed, as will at once appear, from the *Isola disabitata* of Metastasio, though with some considerable alterations.

The merits of this Poem had already called forth the exertions of an English translator, with what success it is not for me to pronounce : but I can with the most rigid adherence to veracity assert, that I owe no obligations to his previous performance : and certainly he who can taste and feel the elegant simplicity and enchanting pathos of the Italian original, is under no necessity of consulting its translation.

I have taken from Metastasio as Metastasio took from Nature ; not with the mere servility of a copyist, but varying, embellishing, or adding to the plot, scenery, and accompaniments, as best suited the par-

*The above is a translation of the
as it is in the original*

as it is in the original

ticular effect I wished to produce. The most material deviation from my author consists in the entire addition of the Lyric Dialogue, which comprehends the machinery and furnishes the Title to my Drama.

For as I have written principally for the young, I thought it of importance not to reveal the whole play of the more energetic passions, nor too feelingly to anticipate those emotions which experience will one day teach them.

I have, therefore, preferred Supernatural Agency for the developement of my plot, and have by these means the additional advantage of introducing to their notice, or furthering their acquaintance with, the imaginary beings so fancifully represented by Shakspeare, Milton, and Pope. It is an acknowledgment due to the great masters of this style to confess, that whatever is here attempted contains little else than allusions to the idiom and attributes of their ærial creation, and to refer my young readers for more satisfaction to the study of

*O. B. - added & printed
by B. B. B. B. B.*

the Tempest, of Comus, and of the Rape of the Lock.

The Fairy world has peculiar attractions for those whose attentions I wish to engage, and the idea of such invisible interferences may lead to better impressions of an over-ruling Providence at a more advanced stage of life.

In the mean time it excites Wonder, a very powerful agent upon the tender minds of youth ; and by encouraging questions, leads them on step by step to the acquisition of general knowledge.

I have, therefore, purposely, and even industriously multiplied my references to classical literature, and the delightful stores of Mythology, of which they will thus acquire a certain tincture almost imperceptibly, and without losing sight of the main interest of the piece.

Every instance, therefore, of this sort, may be con-

sidered as a lure to their improvement, through the medium of their curiosity.

On the success with which I may have executed my plan, I presume not to determine : your approbation suffices for my own satisfaction. But I have also other authorities, among which it is impossible but that I should advert to the assistance I have derived on a late revisal of my little work, from the advice and amendations of a Gentleman whose character in the Republic of letters has been acquired by the most meritorious efforts, whose extensive abilities shrink from no competition with our best modern writers, and whose mature experience enables him to weigh them in the scales of most impartial criticism, Richard Cumberland, Esq. who to the voluntary trouble of superintending and directing the progress of my composition, has added the invaluable favour of his private friendship to the author.

However gratifying might be the success of this little Essay, the literary honour that can attach to such

a trifle is with me but a secondary consideration. My first wish in this instance, is to testify the warmth of my attachment both to living and departed Worth, by the zeal with which I embrace the opportunity of exhibiting how much I am distinguished by your countenance, and with what sincerity I subscribe myself,

Dear sir,

Your obliged and affectionate,

E. B. IMPEY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALVARO,

OLIVIA.

JULIA.

ARIEL.

ASTRAPIL }
ZEPHYRET } SYLPHS.

CHORUS OF SYLPHS.

MOORS.

The Action is supposed to pass in an Island inhabited only by Olivia and Julia.

The Scene represents on one side a Grotto surrounded with plants, and on the other, a large Stone bearing an imperfect inscription.

THE SYLPHS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Ariel, Brilliants, Zephyret, and Chorus of Sylphs.

ARIEL.

GUARDIAN Sprites, aerial band,
Sylphs of this enchanted land,
Elbowing her rocky shore
Right against the Giant roar,
Which from Oronoko's mouth
Raves and thunders to the south—
Sightless myriads, ye who rule
Hill and dale and glassy pool,

Level sands and vaulted caves
 Hollow'd by the scooping waves,
 And what else these fairy glades
 Hold embosom'd in their shades——
 Say———for at your high controul
 Wand'ring stars obedient roll
 Thro' the trackless void of Night—
 Have ye read their course aright,
 Where on blazing tablets wrought,
 In rays from bright Hyperion caught,
 The fates of you deserted pair,
 Register'd and cipher'd are ?
 Weary days and months and years
 Spent in unavailing tears,
 Till the sovereign powers relent—
 Bitter, bitter banishment !

ASTRAPHIL.

Sol, the planet whose career
 Measures the revolving year,
 Twice six circling orbs hath trac'd
 Round the wide æthereal waste,

Since these rocks, till then unknown,
Echo'd first Olivia's moan.

Time the destin'd course hath run :

Ne'er again yon rising sun

From his mid-day path shall wane

Sloping to the western main,

Ere the compass of their woes

Reach the limit, where they close.

ARIEL.

Well thy reck'ning hast thou cast.

Still, or ere this day be past,

Much important work remains

In completion of our pains.

ZEPHYRET.

Name the task.

ASTRAPHIL.

Whate'er thy will—

ARIEL.

Listen Spirits——and fulfil.

Lo! to Libya's torrid realm

Points a gallant bark her helm,

Mann'd with pirates, and aboard
 Vanquish'd by that lawless horde,
 Many a captive Christian wails—
 With the rest—Alvaro sails.
 Which of all my winged train
 Westward o'er th' Atlantic main
 With a glancing meteor's force
 Hither will divert her course?

ZEPHYRET.

Mine are all the winds that fly
 From each quarter of the sky,
 Stormy Typhon, at whose roar
 Rolling surges lash the shore,
 Staid monsoon, that day and night
 East to west, his constant flight
 Half the live-long year doth hold,
 Hence Etesias nam'd of old—
 These obsequious to my call
 Throng the dark Æolian hall :
 Mounted on their wings I go
 Swift as Iris on her bow.

Were the course from pole to pole,
 Clear of every rock and shoal
 Safe the painted bark should ride
 Spite of current, gulf, and tide.

SONG, *Zephyret.*

Like the Lark on airy wing
 I soar and sing,
 Melt in floods of liquid light,
 And fade and dwindle from the sight.

ARIEL.

Hie thee hence ;
 The rest awhile
 Hover round the magic Isle ;
 Leagu'd with me, your airy chief,
 Here to minister relief
 Some from misty vapours drain
 Showers that swell the golden grain ;—
 Some the trickling dews, that gleam
 In the pale moon's silver beam ;
 Others quench the shaggy sparks,
 Scatter'd as the Dog-star barks,

Ere they scorch the tender shoots,
 Drink the sap, and parch the roots.
 Some from Ocean's hidden store
 Heave the sparkling gems ashore,
 Crystal clear as molten snow,
 Pearl, and coral's crimson glow ;
 Or whate'er of costlier stone
 Drops from Amphitritè's zone ;
 Some on Earth preside unseen,
 Haunt the thicket—range the green ;
 There to mortal sight betray
 Where abides the wily prey ;
 Point the shaft—and dip the hook
 In the lake and rushy brook.

SONG, *Ariel*.

Sylphs, your offices ye know—
 Now your flickering pinions ply—
 Orb in orb, above, below :
 Follow, follow, where I fly.

[*The Sylphs dance and Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter OLIVIA.

OLIVIA.

What can all-conquering industry withstand?
 Rude is this tool, unpractis'd is my hand;
 A surface hard these stubborn rocks afford,
 Hard as his heart, whose falsehood they record:
 Yet lo! my labour verges to its end.
 And O ye pitying powers, my wish befriend—
 Grant me but life—I ask no longer date—
 To close this work, then speed my welcome fate.
 And should some wanderer from his native home
 E'er to this wild unpeopled region roam,
 This poor but faithful monument shall tell
 How long I languish'd, how unjustly fell.

[She approaches and reads the inscription.]

“ By false Alvaro on this coast expos'd,
 “ Her wretched days here lost Olivia clos'd.
 “ Stranger, if chance direct thee to this tomb,
 “ Pity, but seek not to avenge” (my doom)

"Tis well—but two short syllables remain
 In plaintive cadence to complete the strain.
 Now to my task——

SCENE III.

OLIVIA, JULIA.

JULIA, *hastily*.

Oh had I wings to fly!

OLIVIA.

Say whence the joy that sparkles in thine eye?
 What hope of rescue?

JULIA.

Scarce herself for glee
 Thy Julia comes to share her bliss with thee.

OLIVIA.

What bliss, alas! can o'er my cares prevail?

JULIA.

Nay, mother, would'st thou listen to my tale—

OLIVIA.

Thy pardon——

JULIA.

Sure thou hast observ'd erewhile
 The ceaseless object of my weary toil :
 Lost in these woods, the fav'rite fawn I bred
 Long have I trac'd in vain—and wail'd as dead ;
 But as this morn betimes I chanc'd to cross
 Yon tangled glen, still pondering on my loss,
 Aside I turn'd, and there my Sylvio found
 Fast by his antlers to the thicket bound :
 I chid the little vagrant for his flight,
 Then hither hasted breathless with delight.
 But thou art mute.——

OLIVIA.

E'en trifles light as these
 Can raise a transport in the mind at ease.

JULIA.

Seems it a trifle to have thus restor'd
 My constant care, the partner of my board ?
 Pleas'd at my side he skipp'd in wanton play,
 Fed from my hand and on my bosom lay :

A tender nursling by my bounty rear'd,
 Whose artless gaiety my fancy cheer'd ;
 A lost companion to my arms return'd—
 Is this a trifle worthy to be spurn'd ?

OLIVIA.

Heav'n guard thy innocence !

JULIA.

O rather pray
 The pitying saints thy torments to allay.
 What! must those eyes with tears for ever stream,
 That tongue still dwell on sorrow's melting theme?
 Be comforted.

OLIVIA.

Ah ! whence should comfort spring?
 Ten times the tedious hours on lazy wing
 Their annual orb have fill'd, and twice again
 Trac'd the broad compass of the starry plain
 From goal to goal, since that disastrous day,
 When first abandon'd to a traitor's sway
 A living grave I found—here hopeless left,
 Of all life's genial intercourse bereft,

Friends, kindred, home, of all but thee, my child,
 By whose assuasive tongue tho' oft beguil'd
 My sorrows pause, yet doubly they return
 When added to my own thy wants I mourn.

JULIA.

Alas! what wants? survey this fruitful plain;
 This laughing Isle, the loveliest of the main:
 Queen of whate'er this little empire yields,
 O'er every beast, that crops the flow'ry fields,
 Thy sov'reign power extends—thy subjects they,
 And all the feathered tribe thy rule obey:
 No force nor tyrant laws thy will withstand,
 Nor curb thy free dominion o'er the Land,
 For thee the mellowing clime unbidden show'rs
 The fruits of Autumn, and the vernal flowers;
 These plants in Summer yield delicious shade,
 These caves a roof, when wintry storms invade:
 Earth, Ocean, Air, contribute to thy store;
 What can thy boundless wish solicit more?

OLIVIA.

Ah me! thy bosom feels no craving void,
 No taste for pleasures, never yet enjoy'd;

For know, thy cruel sire had fled the shore,
 When thee, sad native of this isle, I bore :
 Poor babe ! I rang'd the forest for thy food,
 Lap'd in soft flowers, and cradled in the wood ;
 Hence no regretted sweets thy fancy warm,
 But all thy wishes to this state conform :
 Whilst, ah ! 'tis mine for ever to contrast
 With present ills the blessings that are past.

JULIA.

Yes, oft I hear thy partial voice deplore
 The lost delights of Europe's happier shore,
 Her wisdom, wealth, pre-eminence in arms—
 To me far dearer more congenial charms
 These unmolested solitudes bestow.

OLIVIA.

Of bliss unfelt the price thou ne'er canst know.

JULIA.

Yet in those vaunted climes what fears perplex
 Where men abound, the terror of our sex !
 Oft on their falsehood have I heard thee dwell.

OLIVIA.

O far more false they are than tongue can tell.

Fierce, unrelenting, treach'rous, and unkind,
 Whom neither prayers can melt nor duty bind,
 Nor faith, nor friendship in their breast resides,
 Nor love, that all things vanquishes besides.

JULIA.

Of them at least no dread pursues us here,
 But, ah! thou weep'st afresh—that starting tear,
 Those heaving sobs my forward zeal reprove.
 Could aught suffice in earnest of my love—
 Ask what thou wilt, command whate'er is mine;
 Dry but those tears, and Sylvio shall be thine.

OLIVIA.

Cease, Julia, cease; could aught assuage my pain,
 Thy winning accents should not plead in vain,
 But this sad bosom bears a lasting trace
 Of wrongs which no condolence can efface;
 Forbear the task—I would not seek relief
 By spreading the contagion of my grief:
 Thy wonted mirth resume; thy smiles repair,
 Nurse thou these bowers, and tend thy favourite care.
 Let cheerful toil thy loneliness atone:
 I go to weep unheeded and alone.

SCENE IV.

JULIA.

Strange, that no limits should her grief confine !
 Oft I entreat, remonstrate, and repine,
 Sooth and caress—but all without avail
 Fruitless alike my varied efforts fail.
 Nay, oft increas'd affliction they renew,
 And in her eyes awake the pearly dew ;
 Till mine the feeble converts of her woe
 Touch'd with congenial tenderness o'erflow.
 Aid her ye saints ! meanwhile be mine the care
 Each needful toil contentedly to bear,
 To pluck from clustering boughs the luscious food,
 Troll the clear current, and beset the wood,
 To draw fresh water at the gushing well ;
 Then pen my flock or trim our leafy cell.
 But first, (for 'tis enjoin'd me to descry
 If aught in prospect of relief be nigh.)
 Once more I'll mount yon cliff's projecting side
 Whose top for many a league o'erlooks the tide :

What tho' my straining eyes full oft have trac'd
In fruitless search th' immeasurable waste ;
Tho' oft with prayers I've woo'd the sullen deep,
And linger'd long, and late return'd to weep ;
Yet Hope by disappointment ne'er subdued
Still haunts the devious path in vain pursu'd.

[*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Chorus of Sylphs.

WHO from Ocean's wat'ry plain
Hither steers his course amain ?
Now in circling eddies whirl'd,
With his floating robe unfurl'd,
Now on even pinions buoy'd,
See he cleaves th' ethereal void.
Sylphs, 'tis he—I know his flight ;
Eyes that glisten with delight,
Smiles that dimple on his cheek,
Force an audience ere he speak.

SCENE II.

Enter ZEPHYRET.

CHORUS.

Welcome brother Spirit—hail !

Bearer of a joyful tale.

ZEPHYRET.

From beneath the burning zone

Like a comet have I flown,

All is done, and not a jot

Of my special charge forgot.

SONG, *Zephyret.*

I.

O merry, merry, merry's the race that I run,

More swift than a beam from the tropical sun

I perch'd on the mound

Of Old Atlas, and found

The world on his shoulders go giddily round.

II.

Then I dive like Orion, and rising like Mars,

Newly dipp'd in the Ocean outrival the stars,

While mortals protest,
 As I blaze in the west,
 'Tis a comet, predicting war, famine, and pest.

ARIEL.

Bravely said.—Thy tale pursue——
 Where's the ship, and what the crew?

ZEPHYRET.

Into yonder sheltering cove
 Straight the gallant bark I drove,
 Where she rides securely moor'd,
 With the Christian slaves aboard.
 All save one.

ARIEL.

———— Be brief, relate
 What imports Alvaro's fate.

ZEPHYRET.

In yon boat he steers ashore.

ASTRAPILL.

Free or captive to the Moor?

ZEPHYRET.

As a hostage, held in ward,
 By a strong and wary guard,

Yet conspiring to re-gain
Freedom lost.

ARIEL.

Is all in train?
Are the Christians sworn to aid?

ZEPHYRET.

Long ere now the plot was laid;
They th' unguarded ship subdue,
Ere returns the parted crew.

ASTRAPIL.

How then shall Alvaro, say,
Learn the fortune of the fray?

ZEPHYRET.

He th' eventful signal waits
From his bold confederates.

ARIEL.

Vain were all the powers of man,
Did not heaven assist the plan.
Well ye know, my Sylphs, 'twas I
Rais'd this quaint conspiracy.
For each human thought we guide,
We o'er all their acts preside.

Which the blind misjudging tribe
 Falsely to themselves ascribe.
 Haste (we) then—let all attend
 Our unfashioned plot to mend.
 First the Moors, who near at hand
 With Alvaro sail to land,
 (Haply bound to yonder rill,
 There their gurgling jars to fill)
 These disperse about the coast—
 Seize the boat—or all is lost.
 To this end your forms ye must
 Mould to shapes of earthly dust ;
 Or in airy phantoms rise—
 Scare their ears, and charm their eyes ;
 Harpies here—Chimæras there—
 Then like grim Medusa stare—
 Next entice with Lamia's spell,
 Or as whelping Scylla yell ;
 Then with notes of softer fall
 Straight the melting soul enthrall ;
 Such as tuneful Mermaids pour,
 Or Arion's lute of yore,

When he calm'd the halcyon tide
 On the Dolphin's back astride.
 Away—away—myself with potent charms
 Will guide Alvaro to Olivia's arms.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

JULIA.

Distraction ! terror ! whither shall I fly ?
 How trust the doubtful witness of my eye ?
 Lo ! there ! methinks amid the billowy roar
 A sea-born monster journeys to the shore ;
 With wings out-spread, that catch the wafting breeze,
 At once it flies and swims across the seas.—
 Nearer it comes—while dash'd from either side
 Leaps the white surge, and foams the ruffled tide.
 What is't ?—How now ?—What forms are these at hand ?
 Lo ! how they crowd, and press upon the strand !
 Soft—they disperse—but one among the train
 Draws near apace ; I tremble to remain,

Yet have no force to fly—this friendly grove
Shall yield me shelter.

(She conceals herself.)

SCENE IV.

ALVARO.

Whither do I rove?
To what new climes by restless fortune borne,
For ever doom'd to wander and to mourn?

JULIA.

A human voice—if right the sound I caught
Sure 'tis a man's—I shudder at the thought—
But hark again—

ALVARO.

Go—lost Alvaro, go—
None heed thy grief—

JULIA.

It is the voice of woe—
How sweetly plaintive!

ALVARO.

Yet what matters where?
 No tender spouse my liberty to share;
 Bereft of her—why labour to be free,
 Since life itself's a slavery to me?

JULIA.

See how he weeps! the winds disperse his words;
 But with his tears my melting soul accords.
 Soft! I'll approach—Ah what a goodly mien!
 If such are men, how injur'd have they been!
 How much belied!

ALVARO.

Yet—yet forbear my fears—
 One ray of hope the gloomy prospect cheers—
 Be freedom mine, yon vessel next I gain,
 Each coast survey, and traverse all the main,
 Search every sea-girt isle from shore to shore,
 Fate, tho' she lingers, may my loss restore.
 Then will her smiles my banishment atone,
 Dry every tear, and recompense each groan.

JULIA.

What new-born transport in my bosom creeps,
Joy when he smiles, and anguish when he weeps.

MOORS (*from behind.*)

Ho! Christian, ho!

ALVARO.

The Moors! I must obey—

JULIA.

How now? he starts.

ALVARO.

What's this that thwarts my way?

My native characters! what is't I view?

(*Sees the inscription.*)

My name engrav'd, ah me! Olivia's too!

(*Reads.*)

“By false Alvaro on this coast expos'd

“Her wretched days here lost Olivia clos'd”—

Oh! my foreboding heart! this fatal shore,

This was the place—from hence the Ruffians bore

Her captive spouse, all guiltless of her grief,

She thought me false—she died in that belief.

JULIA.

What can this mean? his eyes distracted pore
On yon sad marble—

ALVARO.

Hold ! here's something more,

(Reads.)

“ Stranger ! if chance direct thee to this tomb,

“ Pity, but seek not to revenge———”

Death froze her hand, and stopp'd th' imperfect strains,

Here let me lie, where rest her dear remains.

(Throws himself on the ground.)

JULIA.

I can no more refrain—my fears give way.

Zeal drives me on—I tremble and obey.

(She comes forward.)

Stranger arise, behold assistance nigh.

ALVARO.

Whoe'er thou art, in quiet let me die,

Here will I grow, nor quit this fatal stone,

Till thou and I, Olivia, shall be one.

Moor ! I revolt—thy fetters I disdain—

Affection rivets me—and here's her claim.

Olivia—lost Olivia ! *(Embracing the marble.)*

JULIA.

Why that name

So oft bewail'd?

ALVARO.

For ever shall the same

Dwell on these lips.

JULIA.

Spurn not my proffer'd aid,

No Moor accosts thee, but a simple maid.

ALVARO, *(discovering Julia.)*

Ha ! what art thou ? belike some guardian power

Prophetic warner of my destin'd hour ?

Speak then the future—thou must know the past,

May death-dissever'd souls unite at last ?

Olivia—breathes she ? may I find her ? tell—

Lifeless—or lost—I bid the world farewell.

Her doom be mine ! to perish or survive,

I wait thy word—

JULIA.

Heav'n guard her long alive.

ALVARO.

Alive ! is't possible ?—that word again—
That little word repairs an age of pain—

JULIA.

Know then she lives—if living death be life,
Not half herself—a lost deserted wife.

ALVARO.

She lives, she lives ! O speed me to her sight—

JULIA.

Why throbs my pulse ? Ah ! whence this new delight ?

ALVARO.

Nay, tarry not—'tis torture to delay.

JULIA.

My heart misgives me—wond'rous stranger, say
Who art thou ? Speak.

ALVARO.

A wanderer forlorn,
A wretched man, a prey to Fortune's scorn.

JULIA.

Out—out, alas ! art thou a man indeed ?
A very man ? best fly——

ALVARO.

Alas ! what need ?

JULIA.

Yet will I trust thee too.—Tho' men I know
Are fierce and treach'rous—sure thou art not so!
Thy name?

ALVARO.

Alvaro.

JULIA.

More detested none—
Oft by my mother curs'd—and yet 'tis one
Methinks I love—

ALVARO.

Thy mother didst thou say?
Till now distraction led my thoughts astray,
Else had I crav'd thy name—

JULIA.

'Tis Julia.

ALVARO.

True—

It should be so—how like Olivia too!
One question more—Hast thou beheld ere now,
Or known thy sire?

JULIA.

'Tis thou, Alvaro—thou— (*She embraces him.*)

ALVARO.

My child! my child! thy father was most true.

JULIA.

I need no witness.

ALVARO.

Would Olivia knew!

JULIA.

I fly to seek her, yet, alas! I grieve
A tender sire so late restor'd to leave.

ALVARO.

Haste, haste, my child!

JULIA.

How hard to say farewell!

ALVARO.

We'll meet anon—here in this rocky cell

I wait thy coming.

[*Exit Julia.*]

SCENE V.

ALVARO, (*musings.*)

'Tis Olivia's grot.

How memory roves o'er objects half forgot!

Here in this cave, aye here Olivia lay
 Wrapt in soft slumbers, on that fatal day,
 When to this isle we came : off yonder creek
 Our vessel rode—by storms compell'd to seek
 This nearest shelter—luckless stars ! 'twas then
 I left her all unguarded ; to yon glen
 In search of fruits I wander'd—lo ! the place
 Where I was first assail'd—and now I trace
 Where dropp'd my sword—faint, wounded, and forlorn,
 Then far from thee, Olivia, was I borne.
 Bitter remembrance ! Peace, my stormy breast !
 'Twere good awhile within this cave to rest,
 Lest the Moors trace me—Ha ! this way they bend,
 The wood's beset.—Now Heav'n my flight befriend.

[Exit, into the cave.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.

ALVARO.

OH! 'tis too much—I sicken with suspense,
Approaching raptures paralyze their sense.
Wild with impatience—still I dread to meet
Her first approach—How my heart-pulses beat!
Hark—I hear steps—not yet—revil'd! abus'd!
Ah! next to guilt 'tis death to be accus'd—

Enter ARIEL alone, beckoning with his wand.

SONG, ARIEL.

I.

If aught could in absence atone
The loss that ye mutually mourn,
'Tis the mem'ry of joys that are flown,
The hope that they still may return.

II.

But when hope is o'er-clouded with fear
 And remembrance awakens regret,
 When the future excites but a tear,
 And the past it were bliss to forget.

III.

What then shall in absence reprove
 Each doubt, and each murmur atone?
 'Tis the faith ye repose in your love,
 The belief that ye weep not alone. [*Exit Ariel.*]

ALVARO.

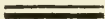
Methought a voice—Haste ! let me gain the cave,
 Perchance the Moors——

 SCENE II.

OLIVIA.

All things their period have.
 The forest rots—stones moulder to decay—
 Streams quit their channels—shores are wash'd away.

Not so my cares—no lenient change they know,
 'Tis all a blank monotony of woe.
 Time, that o'er others speeds in swift career,
 To me stands motionless; my days appear
 A neutral being, which the struggling breath
 Owes less to life than to protracted death—
 Which, but for thee, my child——



SCENE III.

ALVARO.

Vain fears away—

'Tis she.

OLIVIA.

Amazement !

ALVARO.

Stay, Olivia, stay.

OLIVIA.

That air, that voice, I cannot err.

ALVARO.

'Tis I—

Alvaro calls.

OLIVIA.

Hence, wretch! alas! I die. (*She faints.*)

ALVARO.

Olivia, wake, my love! my wife! I rave
 In vain, she hears not—How? no aid to save?
 Yonder I mark'd a brook, this way it lies—
 What, leave her thus? One moment will suffice.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

Chorus of Sylphs. Olivia.

ARIEL.

Sylphs approach, your charms prepare.
 Earth, and Ocean, Fire, and Air,
 Cite each element by name,
 Or to fan the vital flame,

Or to roll the stagnant juice
From the heart it's crimson sluice.

ASTRAPHIL.

In this adamantine cruise
Flash the many-mingled dews ;
Some from Aganippe's source,
Where the fiery feather'd horse
Lav'd his sides and brawny chest ;
These came trickling from his crest.
These of bright nectareous hue
Fresh from Hebe's cup I drew ;
Which like orient pearls I shower,
With a spell of magic power,
Soft distilling drop by drop
On her lip and eye-lid top,
Till her eyes
Like April skies
After sun-set cease to lower.

ZEPHYRET.

Fiery sparks that light the soul,
Such as once Prometheus stole ;

Plumes, that strew'd the spicy nest
 Which the dying Phœnix prest ;
 These I wave, and those I dart
 Thro' the portals of her heart ;
 Fruits that vegetate in ore
 On the blest Hesperian shore,
 With the never-fading flowers
 Hard by Saturn's crystal towers,
 Amaranthus, and the bell
 Of the golden Asphodel,
 Now I crush,
 Till a blush
 Kindles at the balmy smell.

ARIEL.

Hold—ye do nothing with your charms,
 Weak preservatives from harms—
 In herself she hath a power
 To withstand the torturing hour—
 Conscience—to the good a cure,
 Poison to the mind impure :

Taintless conscience, seraph-tongued
 In behalf of virtue wrong'd,
 Like the sweet Thrëician shell,
 Triumphs at the verge of Hell ;
 Such is her supreme controul.

Mark ! I hear,
 She warbles clear,
 Whispering comfort to the soul.

SONG, *Ariel*.

O Lady dear—awake—arise,
 All thy weary cares are past ;
 See ! to bliss thy longing eyes,
 Thy lov'd Lord returns at last.
 He shall teach thee soon to know
 How the bliss exceeds the woe :
 For thy lost Alvaro's sake
 Lady dear, arise—awake.

SCENE V.

Olivia, Julia.

JULIA.

'Tis strange ! I met my father as I pass'd—
 Breathless he was, and hurried on so fast
 'Twas bootless to pursue—Such head-long speed
 Bespeaks the pressure of immediate need,
 Some danger dreaded, or some guilty deed. }
 What would my fears suggest ? A busy train
 Of vague suspicions rush upon my brain,
 Heaven grant them false. Ha ! what a sight is here,
 A lifeless corse !—prophetic was my fear.
 'This, this unravels all—O cruel sire,
 And hast thou thus achiev'd thy fell desire ?
 But wherefore fly ?—return—thy work pursue,
 And glut thy vengeance on thy daughter too,
 Both sinn'd alike, for both alike relied
 On thy dissembled love. For this she died
 Pure, spotless saint !

OLIVIA, (*reviving.*)

Stay, faithless Phantom, stay.

JULIA.

Methought she spoke.

OLIVIA.

It melts—it flits away—

No vestige left.

JULIA.

She lives! Her powers restore,

Sweet Heav'n!

OLIVIA.

Return, or let me wake no more.

JULIA.

Nay, prythee cheer.

OLIVIA.

It was the charm of sleep,

Oft have I dream'd the like, and wak'd to weep.

JULIA.

Nay, 'twas no dream.

OLIVIA.

How! didst thou mark the sight?

JULIA.

Too plain, alas!

OLIVIA.

I fainted with affright.

Where is he now?

JULIA.

Ah! mother, fled again—

OLIVIA.

Impossible.—

JULIA.

I saw him speed amain.

OLIVIA.

I'll not believe—Thou know'st him not, my child;
I mean Alvaro.

JULIA.

What! tho' once beguil'd,
Canst thou still trust him? Oh, he was untrue!
Thou said'st so once—now I believe it too.
Wretch! traitor! fiend!

OLIVIA.

Forbear—it cannot be,
He but delays.

JULIA.

I learn'd to rail of thee.

(A clashing of swords.)

ALVARO, (*from behind.*)

Yield thee, proud Moor—nay, struggle not.

OLIVIA.

What noise?

ALVARO, (*from behind.*)

I've wrench'd thy sabre.

OLIVIA.

'Twas Alvaro's voice.

JULIA.

Hark! hark again!

MOOR, (*from behind.*)

Hold, hold—I fall—I bleed—

ALVARO, (*from behind.*)

Thou would'st not yield, I'm guiltless of the deed.

OLIVIA.

Alvaro bleeds—no hope of rescue nigh.

JULIA.

List—what strange sounds.

OLIVIA.

Behold! they fly—they fly. (*Music.*)

SYLPHS, (*from behind, singing.*)

Hasson—Muly—Saddy—stay—

Hither? whither? hence away.—

(*Several Moors cross the stage, making wild gestures,
and exeunt.*)

ARIEL, (*crossing.*)

All is well—the plot's achiev'd—
Bold Alvaro—thou'rt reliev'd—



SCENE VI.

Olivia, Julia, Alvaro.

OLIVIA.

He comes, he comes.

ALVARO.

Kind Heav'n my bliss restores.

(*They embrace.*)

OLIVIA.

What's here? 'tis blood.

ALVARO.

Nay, fear not—'tis the Moor's.

Joy choaks my voice.

OLIVIA.

Sure 'tis to grief allied,

Both in extremes are mute and wat'ry eyed.

Yes, all my suff'rings past are nought to this,
Bitter return of intermitted bliss.

JULIA.

How if you men ?

ALVARO.

Fear not, they're fled or slain.

OLIVIA.

So long withheld—so nearly lost again !

Oh ! my hard heart—how much was I deceiv'd !

I call'd thee false—I thought myself aggriev'd.

Canst thou forgive Alvaro ?

ALVARO.

Pardon thee ?

Thy fears were truth, thy chiding love for me.

JULIA, (*kneeling.*)

Father, forgive me too—I too revil'd—

ALVARO.

I do, I do, Heav'n's blessing on my child !

(*A signal fired from the ship.*)

Come, we waste words—that signal from aboard,

Olivia, speaks my liberty restor'd.

OLIVIA.

Ah! my heart bleeds for all thy mis'ries past.

ALVARO.

Twelve years of slavery—but repaid at last,
 Amply repaid.—No more—suffice to say,
 Force, that now brings me hither, tore away
 Thine husband from thy arms—what else befel
 At Tunis, Fez, Algiers, I leave to tell
 At more convenient leisure, for, behold!
 A second summons—Yon fair flag unroll'd
 Invites us hence, and see! a fav'ring gale
 Springs from the shore, and strikes the flapping sail.

JULIA.

Father, lead on—

ALVARO.

Secur'd in yonder cove,
 The pinnacle waits—It wafts to Joy and Love.

OLIVIA.

With such delight the fainting trav'ller hears
 Fresh springing fountains murmur in his ears;
 Near and more near he views the waters burst,
 And breathless runs, to quench his aching thirst. [*Ex.*]

SCENE VII.

Chorus of Sylphs.

STROPHE.

Sea-born gales that gently sweep
 O'er the broad Atlantic deep,
 Rifling fragrance, as ye rove
 From the myrrh and citron grove,
 From the manioc and the maze,
 And Anana's burnish'd blaze—
 Haste, the swelling sails expand—
 Waft them to their native land :
 There, where Tagus proudly rolls
 O'er his gold-bespangled shoals,
 See she weighs—she tacks—she veers—
 Eastward as the pilot steers.
 Mortals farewell—nor Heav'n's high Will arraign,
 Which but ordain'd a trial in your pain.

ANTISTROPHE.

Yes, 'tis our's to yield the meed
 To victorious worth decreed ;

Worth, that, all her ordeals past,
 Ever triumphs at the last :
 E'en tho' Fate protract the doom
 Past the limits of the tomb.
 Sylphs, 'tis done—we mount—we fly,
 Airy tenants of the sky—
 Hence afar a better home
 Smiles in Kingston's happy dome.
 There we'll tend a virtuous pair,
 Valiant sons and daughters fair,
 A matchless throng of gay benignant elves,
 With kindred hearts as spotless as ourselves.

EPODE.

There beneath their feet we'll strew
 Flow'rs that never cease to blow,
 Such as sweetest breath dispense
 Of uncanker'd innocence.
 There shall blush the richest bloom,
 Wrought in young Hygeia's loom :
 There shall nature's power impart,
 Heighten'd by the touch of art,

Whatsoe'er of magic grace,
Thought can reach, or pencil trace.
Music there in choicest Measures
Still shall breathe convivial pleasures,
And filial love, and fond parental care,
Source of domestic bliss, shall harbour there.

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON,
A BURLETTA.

*Mille domos clausere seræ ; tamen una recepit
Parva quidem.*

OVID. METAMORPH. lib. viii. l. 629.

Though every Stage debar access,
No Manager can bolt the Press.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JUPITER,

MERCURY,

NEPTUNE,

CHORUS OF WINDS,

PHILEMON,

PHILANDER, a Naval Commander, in love with Phœbe.

PLUTUS, a Country Banker.

THYRSIS, a Clown pretending to Phœbe.

UCALEGON ORION, an Irish Footman.

LADY PANDORA, wife to Plutus.

BAUCIS.

PHŒBE, daughter to Baucis and Philemon.

MYRTILLA, Lady's-maid, in love with Thyrsis.

COUNTRYMEN, BAILIFFS, and CLERKS, attending on Plutus.

The SCENE lies in a Borough Town on the Sea-Coast.

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

The Curtain rising, discovers the Sea in a Storm, and a Ship firing Signals of Distress. The Winds arrayed like Sansculottes, sing a Fugue adapted to Wind-Instruments, with Accompaniments to imitate a Squall.

CHORUS. AIR—"Ah ! ça ira."

BLOW bully, blow bully, blow bully, blow.

Now we're free from bonds and fetters,

Blow bully, blow bully, blow bully, blow

Round about, above, below.

What care we for friend or foe ?

Rich or poor, or high or low ?

Blow bully, blow bully, blow bully, blow.

Writs of Arrest and Bow-Street setters,

Judge and Jury we'll o'erthrow.

Blow bully, blow bully, blow bully, blow.

Though Daddy Neptune strut and crow,

We'll let the lousy lubber know,

How he ought to treat his betters :

He to a goose can scarce say Bo !

Blow bully, blow bully, blow bully, blow.

Jove's our Hector, our protector,

Blow bully, blow bully, blow bully, blow.

Duck him, souse ! from top to toe.

Enter NEPTUNE.

SONG, *Neptune.* AIR—*Handel's Water-piece.*

Begone, decamp,

Winds dry or damp,

Get home dogs, tramp,

Or I'll your pinions cramp :

Who's he so stout
 To face me out?
 My power d'ye doubt
 Your squadrons all to rout?
 North, East, South, West
 Sneak off you'd best;
 To my authority
 Yield priority,
 Or I'll worret ye

Well:

What's old Æolus?
 Match'd with me a louse,
 Where's his real use,

Tell.

Hence begone,
 Or else anon
 My Trident's prong
 Among
 Your throng
 Ding dong.
 Obedience shall compel.

Hearts I'll shake,
And bones I'll break,
My power's at stake

To make
You quake
And wake

Repentant sighs in hell.
See what foul weather
You've been a brewing;
Ships together
All go to ruin.

Billows dashing,
Timbers crashing,
In confusion dire!
Deluge pouring,
Tempest roaring,
All the sea on fire!

With rumble, rumble, rumble, rumble,
Tumble, tumble, tumble, tumble,
Jumble, jumble, jumble, jumble

Too :

You'll rue
 This stew
 And look prodigious blue.
 With mumble, mumble, mumble, mumble,
 Grumble, grumble, grumble, grumble,
 Bumble, bumble, bumble, bumble,
 Boo !
 I'll do
 For you
 And all your ragged crew.
 Begone once more :
 Stint, stint your roar—
 For Sea and Shore
 There's now repose in store.—
 If Æolus
 Unbolt you thus,
 Tell him from us,
 He'll march to Tartarus.
 My blows,
 He knows.

SCENE II.

Jupiter and Mercury descend.

RECITATIVE.

MERCURY.

Uncle, your blessing.

JUPITER.

Ha ! how fares it brother ?

NEPTUNE.

So then, 'twas you kick'd up this plaguy pother !

MERCURY.

Aye—for 't must seem just as if, helter skelter,
 We drove ashore, and scrambled up for shelter.

NEPTUNE.

And left yon seamen in the suds to welter !

DUETTO.

AIR—*Lay that sullen Garland by thee.* DUFFEY, vol. i.
 p. 63.

JUPITER.

Routed from our starry palace,
 Now we try our luck down stairs ;
 Safe at least from Juno's malice,
 Restless clack and jealous airs.

MERCURY.

Me she cuffs and calls a Pander,
 Oft' as Daddy goes astray ;
 He turns Bull, or Gold, or Gander,
 I'm belabour'd night and day.

BOTH.

Curse on these celestial jades.
 Now we'll couple, now we'll couple,
 Couple now with mortal maids.

JUPITER.

Who, when ranting housewives wrangle,
 Like a dolt would mope at home ?

MERCURY.

Brats in leading-strings may dangle,
 Stout gallants should freely roam.

BOTH.

Thus equipp'd for our experi-
 ment, no longer Gods, but Tars,

JUP. I Joe Thunder, you Mark Wherry.

MER. You I
 Wreck'd in storms, and maim'd in wars.

Power and pomp go hang, go hang :
 Now we'll swagger, drink and stagger
 Drink and stagger, swear and slang.

RECITATIVE.

NEPTUNE.

Good luck t' ye both.

[Exit Neptune shaking his fist at the Winds, who slink off, making the vulgar signs of defiance. Jupiter and Mercury step apart, as if to take leave of Neptune : and Philander enters on the opposite side not observing them.]



SCENE III.

PHILANDER.

Here's a confounded rumpus!

In one short hour I've box'd it round the compass.

MERCURY.

What's this? a brother pickle?

JUPITER.

Him I mention'd;

Heir to these lands here.

MERCURY.

Faith he's had his drench on't.

PHILANDER.

Now stranded high and dry like some huge porpoise.

JUPITER.

Come, ere he sees us, let's go metamorphose.

[Exeunt Jupiter and Mercury.]

PHILANDER.

Am I bewitch'd? Sure that's our church and steeple.

'Twere worse than drowning now to meet our people.

Old Plutus' avarice and Pandora's malice

Would go well nigh to drive me to the gallows.

[Re-enter Jupiter and Mercury, disguised as seamen.]

JUPITER.

What cheer, your honour?

MERCURY.

Sous'd like us I reckon.

PHILANDER.

And no bad luck e'en thus to save my bacon.

JUPITER.

Wet death or dry, 'twixt famine and foul weather,
What odds?

PHILANDER.

Here's that keeps life and soul together.

(Produces a bottle.)

TRIO. AIR—*We be three poor Mariners.*

We be each a mariner, late relics of the storm,
A voyage more sad or barrener did sailors ne'er perform.
Hurl'd by the winds around around around,
Where perils did abound abound abound,
We've toil'd and struggled far and near, and scarce at
last made ground.

JUPITER AND MERCURY.

Now we rely on charity, Our pressing wants to cheer,
Heav'n grant it prove no rarity, Or we must perish here.

ALL THREE.

Take hands my boys around around around,
No cares shall tars astound astound astound,
Secure of some assistance near, now we're on British
ground.

RECITATIVE.

PHILANDER.

Hark ye, my lads ; D'ye see that house to larboard ?

JUPITER.

Aye, like a first-rate moor'd and safely harbour'd.

PHILANDER.

There lives an arrant Shark, an old and hardy one,
Plutus by name ; who calls himself my guardian.
Look out, while I steer clear. Be brisk and handy.

MERCURY.

A sweetheart—mum.

JUPITER.

Aye, aye, we understand ye.

PHILANDER.

Here's cash d'ye see.

[*Exit.*

JUPITER.

Well said, my brave commander—
Phœbe shall strike to none, but her Philander.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Plutus's Office.

Enter Plutus and Philemon in earnest discourse. Plutus in his night-cap and morning-gown, surrounded with books of accounts, as if occupied in calculation. Philemon with parish books under his arm, and an ink-glass with a pen in it at his button-hole, as Collector of Rates and Taxes. A large board rests against the legs of the table, painted blue, and inscribed in gold letters, BANK FOR SEA AND LAND.

RECITATIVE.

PLUTUS.

I'll see to 't.—Now for my new bank, Philemon,
 There's more advantage in it, than you dream on.
 Look ye, as you're Tax-gatherer and Church-warden,
 You know our circulation to a farthing.
 The king's and parish cash do you deposit
 Snug in my hands : much safer than your closet :
 Then draw my notes, and for th' amount you utter
 You'll clear—d'ye take me?—Pshaw ! what's that you
 mutter.

SONG. AIR—*The Clock had struck.* DURFEY, vol. iii. p. 25.

PLUTUS.

Zounds ! Philemon, you're an old fool,
A baby's more fit the parish for to rule.
Join with me you dog, but mum,
We'll have the folks here under our thumb.

Cry down cash,

Vow 'tis trash,

Now here, now there, now gone like a vapour ;

Cram my notes

Down their throats,

Swear they'll never get rich but with Paper.

Paper, paper, paper, paper's the run—

Soon there'll not be a guinea left under the sun.

Go, collect your taxes quick,

Tell'em the king won't wait a week.

Bring all the guineas you can find,

Light or heavy, never mind.

If they run dry,

I'll supply

.All the parish ; none can do it cheaper

Herd and flock,

Stock and block,

I'll purchase all, and pay 'em down in Paper.

Paper, paper, paper, paper's the run—

Soon there'll not be a guinea left under the sun.

I'll pass my notes thro' thick and thin ;

You for rates and taxes take 'em in :

Not a grain of gold all the country round,

Plutus's bank must needs gain ground,

Fields and farms

Bought by swarms,

The parish shall be shoe, and I'll be the scraper ;

For the job,

I'll your fob

Line with my dainty never-failing paper.

Paper, paper, paper, paper's the run—

Soon there'll not be a guinea left under the sun.

RECITATIVE.

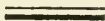
PHILEMON.

Such cheating tricks are not for my connivance,

Sure 'tis Old Nick's own rascally contrivance. [*Exit Phil.*]

PLUTUS.

Well, go your ways, you stupid old curmudgeon ;
 I'll prosper yet, howe'er you take 't in dudgeon.
 And now for Phœbe—for to crown my wishes,
 They say my ward Philander's food for fishes.
 A lucky hit, it keeps my conscience under—
 Takes off my rival, and secures my plunder. [Exit.



SCENE V.

*Philemon's Cottage.**Enter PHILEMON and THYRSIS.*

PHILEMON.

Pshaw ! man, how often have I said already
 That never yet faint heart could win fair lady ?

SONG. AIR—*Some time ago I married a Wife.*

'Tis three score years since first I woo'd
 Old Baucis, and Baucis was then a prude :

Then I fail'd in my farm, and the matter to mend,
My neighbours all pitied, but none would lend,

Not a friend

An ear to lend,

I thought my disasters would never end.

I had pigs, I had chickens, a horse, a cow,

But she died in calf, and I know not how ;

My pigs caught the mange, and that rogue, sly Robin,

He rifled my purse, and rode off with dun Dobbin.

Couldn't help sobbing,

Poor dun Dobbin !

Ne'er a nag in my stall, nor a groat my fob in.

My troubles, alack ! I felt full sore,

But egad ! I took courage, and toil'd the more ;

For what were my pigs, my cows, my horses ?

My cattle I lost, but I won my Baucis :

Blest with Baucis,

A fig for all losses,

To be crossed in love is the cross of all crosses.

THYRSIS.

Why there's the rub : for to say true, your daughter

Loves me, much as the devil loves holy water.

SONG. AIR—*Burton's Hunt.*

The first lass I tried, would have fain been my bride,
And she sav'd me the trouble to woo :

I for variety and contrariety
Made my best bow without further ado,
My best bow without further ado.

When to Phœbe I came, 'twas a different game ;
I sigh'd, and she turn'd up her nose ;
Talk'd of gentility, scarce with civility,
Eyed me tho' drest in my holiday cloaths,
So spruce in my holiday cloaths.

One mid-summer day we were tossing the hay ;
While she prattled, I fain would have romp'd—
She with severity join'd to dexterity,
Ups with her fork, and O Lord ! how she thump'd,
I ne'er was so cruelly thump'd.

So there I lay flat ; but no matter for that,
Though I carry the marks to my grave,
Thus taught sobriety and *propriety*,
Nobody knows better how to behave,
So prettily now I behave.

SCENE VI.

Enter BAUCIS.

RECITATIVE.

THYRSIS.

Where's Phœbe, dame ?

BAUCIS.

Ar'n't you asham'd to ask it ?

Gone to the fair.

THYRSIS.

Adzooks ! I'll bear the basket.

[Exit Thyrsis.]

BAUCIS.

For all the world like us.— She'll rate him roundly.

PHILEMON.

He'll snatch a buss.

(Kissing her.)

BAUCIS.

And then she bangs him soundly.

DUETTO. AIR—*O whistle and I will come to you.*

BAUCIS.

Well-a-day ! my dear Phil, 'tis a long time ago

Since I call'd you my deer and you call'd me your doe.

We were wed and had twins, rather sudden or so:
But no matter how soon after wedlock you know.

PHILEMON.

Well-a-day ! 'tis betwixt fifty years and three score,
That together we've tugg'd at life's labouring oar ;

BAUCIS.

We've spun a long span ; could we spin as much more
We'd twist true-loves tether as tight as before.

BOTH.

Time furrows the brow, and discolours the head,
As the snow-flakes that drift on the roof of our shed,
But love with the last vital embers is fed,
And our hearts are as warm as when first we were wed.



SCENE VII.

An Entrance-hall in Plutus's House.

Enter MYRTILLA and UCALEGON.

RECITATIVE.

MYRTILLA.

Now should my lady ring, be sure you tell her
I'm just stept out—that's a good-natur'd fellow.

UCALEGON.

Oeh ! to be sure.

MYRTILLA.

For bobbin, tags, and sarsnet—

UCALEGON.

Nay, to mate Thyrsis, as you dream'd of last night.

MYRTILLA.

Take that, you blundering bull, you toad, you varmin.

UCALEGON.

Augh ! laive off courting country teagues and car-men.

Must you naids wed, and can't be after waiting,

Here's swait Ucalegon wants no entraining.. (*Salutes her.*)

(*A violent ringing and knocking at the door.*)

DUETTO. AIR—*The Christ-Church Bells.*

MYRTILLA.

Hark ! I hear my lady's bell,

'Tis a chime I know full well:

So fierce she tugs,

It stuns our lugs.

And she rings eternal, eternally.

UCALEGON.

Hark! the knocker out o'doors,
 That ev'ry day at office hours
 With swinging thumps
 Cries stir your stumps :
 Little Teague kaips running to and fro.

MYRTILLA.

Tingle, tingle, tingle, goes the little hand-bell.
 Just like my lady's clack.

BOTH.

But I'll not trudge,
 And I'll not budge
 Till the doors and bell-ropes crack. [Exeunt.

 SCENE VIII.

Enter PANDORA.—(Knocking continues.)

RECITATIVE.

JUPITER and MERCURY, (*without.*)

All hands ahoy ?

PANDORA.

Here's a loud peal!

Re-enter UCALEGON.

UCALEGON.

No wonder,

Plaise you, my lady, 'tis one Mr. Thunder.

PANDORA.

Some Squire, no doubt, one of our neighbouring gentry,
Go shew 'em up.

UCALEGON.

Och! here they force their entry.

[Exit Ucalegon.]

Enter JUPITER and MERCURY, *singing, without appearing to observe Pandora, who ogles Mercury during the Duet.*

DUETTO. AIR—*A begging we will go.* DURFEY,
vol. i. p. 281.

JUPITER.

My name it is Old Thunder, I've weather'd many a gale,
Aboard the Royal Eagle late it was my luck to sail,
And a begging we will go, &c.

MERCURY.

A tedious voyage we've ventur'd, a voyage I've been
full oft,

There's ne'er a lad can go below, or climb like me aloft,
And a begging we will go, &c.

JUPITER.

The cares of Church and State, sir, we value not a louse,
Nor any thought have we at all, but how to earn a souse!
And a begging we will go, &c.

BOTH.

Then who that 'twixt vexation and ease can weigh the odds
Would chop and change the beggar's life to live like
heathen gods?

And a begging we will go, &c.

RECITATIVE.

PANDORA.

Heigh-ho! my heart.

SCENE IX.

Enter PLUTUS *and* CLERKS.

PLUTUS.

Here seize on these rascallions.

PANDORA.

Spare the poor youth.

PLUTUS.

What for your private dalliance?

PANDORA.

Do, what you will, with that old sturdy sinner.

JUPITER, (*aside to Mercury.*)

To her—we'll stand our ground could you but win her.

MERCURY.

Dear ma'am make me your groom so spruce and spunky?

PLUTUS.

Shall I wear horns to please a powder-monkey?

QUARTETTO and CHORUS. *AIR—Hunting the Hare.*

JUPITER AND MERCURY.

Spare a brace of unfortunate mariners
 Wreck'd d'ye see, for we scorn for to fudge,
 Wreck'd while guarding Old England from foreigners,
 Give poor Jack a snug birth, and ne'er grudge.

PLUTUS.

Hence be trotting, you beggarly vagabond,
 Hence be gone with your flimsy pretence;

Zounds ! I warrant you know how to drag a pond,
Wire a hare, or jump over a fence.

MERCURY.

Tell, good lady, those fair-weather gentlemen,
We defy little Bony to come,
Lest, at sight of his fierce regimental men,
They should faint at his Fee-fau-fum.

PANDORA.

There's a voice that might soften a Saracen,
Eyes to ravish the heart of a nun ;
Prim'd with courage enough for a garrison,
Fair as Phœbus and fierce as a Hun.

CHORUS.

PLUTUS AND CLERKS.

We've enough in all conscience of pillagers
Poach our forests and plunder our flocks :
Then, for warning to our silly villagers,
Seize 'em, clap 'em both into the stocks.

JUPITER AND MERCURY.

We be tars, neither poachers nor pillagers
Come to plunder your forests and flocks ;

Woe to you and your clerks and your villagers,
Thus for clapping us into the stocks.

PANDORA.

He is none of your ill-looking pillagers ;
Such clean limbs and such clustering locks,
Worth a score of our lubberly villagers,
Ne'er were made to be clapt into stocks.

*[Exeunt on one side Jupiter and Mercury in custody, on
the other Pandora in despair.]*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

*Before Philemon's Cottage.—Baucis is discovered spinning.
To her, enter Phæbe.*

RECITATIVE.

PHŒBE.

RARE tidings, mother.

BAUCIS.

Sure the wench is crazy.

Has the sow pigg'd? or Roger got at Daisy?

PHŒBE.

All safe and sound.

BAUCIS.

Who ? what ?—our old stray gander ?

PHŒBE.

La ! mother, no—

BAUCIS.

What, Dobbin ?

PHŒBE.

No—Philander.

DUETTO. AIR—*M'ha detto la mia Mamma.* MARTINI.

PHŒBE.

Dear mother, betimes this morn
 They say the Captain landed ;
 He loves me if ever man did,
 And that he has said and sworn.
 Then who would put up with a Bumkin ?
 The very thought I scorn :
 For this has a head like a Pumpkin,
 And that's a gentleman born.

BAUCIS.

A gentleman ! ay, for sooth,
 A fiddle-stick's end, you hussy ;
 Why sure your brain must be muzzy
 To take all he says for truth :

Then know the true length of your tether,
 Nor scorn a homely youth,
 With birds of a different feather,
 To shew a liquorish tooth.

PHŒBE.

Let every Jack have his Joan,
 Let Thyrsis stick to Myrtilla,
 That neither may wear the willow,
 But each have a spark of her own.

*(During the last verse Philander enters unobserved by
 Baucis, and interchanges signs with Phæbe.)*

BOTH.

BAUCIS.

Get in, or I swear I'll be at ye,
 Go work at your needle and spin,
 If you are so froward and chatty,
 I'll break every bone in your skin.

PHŒBE TO PHILANDER.

Keep back, or I fear she'll be at ye,
 And break every bone in your skin.

I own I'm dispos'd to be chatty,

So prithee good mother get in.

[Exit Baucis.]

SCENE II.

SONG. AIR—*Fairest Isle, all Isles excelling.* PURCELL.

PHILANDER.

Fairest maid, all maids excelling,
 Arm'd with virtue, fraught with charms :
 Port, where no rude storms are swelling,
 Safe from all but love's alarms.
 Those bright eyes have more attraction
 Than the Lode-stars in the Pole ;
 Signals hoisted out for action
 Urge my breast with less controul.

Richest of all earthly prizes
 To victorious arms decreed ;
 Source, whence all ambition rises,
 Peaceful toil, or martial deed,
 Still to earn the smiles of beauty
 Pleas'd from clime to clime we rove :
 High the wages, light the duty,
 Offer'd at the shrine of Love.

RECITATIVE.

BAUCIS, (*within.*)

Phœbe, why Phœbe!

PHŒBE.

Coming—

PHILANDER.

Stop a minute—

BAUCIS.

Phœbe—

PHILANDER.

Confound your throat, the devil's in it.

PHŒBE.

I dare not wait.

PHILANDER.

One kiss, and so good bye t'ye.

BAUCIS, (*entering.*)

What! must I fetch you—Heigh-day! Hiti-tity!

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE III.

An Apartment in Plutus's House.—Enter Plutus and Pandora.

DUETTO. AIR—*Geary Owen.* THE IRISH MUSICAL
REPOSITORY, &c. p. 74.

PANDORA.

I'll have my revenge ; for I'm not such a dunce
But I know of your pranks, and I tell you at once
I'll have none of your Phœbes kept under my nose :
She shall pack up her alls—and off she goes.

BOTH.

PANDORA.

You silly gull
With brainless skull,
To dangle after such a trull.
I'll not sit by so contented and dull,
While you're so free to pick and to cull.

PLUTUS.

You noisy trull,
You split my skull,

You roar as loud as any bull.
 I'll not sit by so contented and dull
 While you're so free to pick and to cull,

PLUTUS.

Why, zounds! when I took you for better for worse,
 Who'd have thought the grey mare was the better horse?
 I married, 'tis true, for your ladyship's pelf;
 Who the deuce would have married you for yourself?

BOTH.

PLUTUS.

You peevish hag
 You want a gag;
 With you a precious life I drag.

PANDORA.

You paltry brag,
 You'd scarce a rag,
 Until I fill'd your money-bag.

PANDORA.

But set a beggar upon a nag
 He'll ride to the devil, and never fag.

BOTH.

So now we part
 With all my heart,
 And I'll be ready first to start,
 A truce to all disguise and art.

PANDORA.

You'll ring for my coach ?

PLUTUS.

You may go in the cart.

BOTH.

And now—without the slightest pain,
 Adieu !—may we never meet again.

[Exit Plutus.]

RECITATIVE.

PANDORA.

Well, though this brutish squire I've fail'd to wheedle,
 To free the charming youth I've brib'd the beadle
 At Harvest-home shall old Philemon treat him ;
 Where on the wings of love to-night I'll meet him.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.

The Church-Yard. Jupiter and Mercury in the stocks.—

To them, enter PHILEMON.

TRIO. AIR—*Of noble Race was Shenkin.*

JUPITER AND MERCURY.

Is this your land of freedom,
True Britons thus to shackle ?
No need of docks have we, nor stocks ;
We're sound both hull and tackle.

PHILEMON.

Squire Plutus, by your favour,
These lads you've been too hard on :
But here's a key, shall set them free,
As sure as I'm Church-warden.

(Unlocks the padlock.)

ALL.

JUPITER AND MERCURY.

So thanks to you my hearty,
We're clear from slips and bilboes :
We'd gladly share your harvest fare,
And rest our aching elbows.

PHILANDER.

Your hand, and yours, my hearty,
 You're clear from slips and bilboes.
 Come home and share my harvest fare,
 And rest your aching elbows. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter PHOEBE.

RECITATIVE.

PHOEBE.

Not yet return'd! 'Tis monstrous thus to tarry,
 I wonder how he'll treat me, when we marry.

SONG. *Air—Would you win the tender creature.*

HANDEL'S ACIS AND GALATEA.

Woman, doom'd as soon as mated,
 Ever to be subjugated,

Haste, thy fleeting power employ :
 Why so quickly rashly barter
 Freedom's everlasting charter,
 For a little month of joy ?

Short's the revel, long the fasting ;
 Who would be content with tasting ?
 Then set to, and freely feed :
 Rule like tyrants unresisted ;
 Once in Hymen's corps enlisted,
 Turn the wheel, obey and—breed.

SCENE VI.

Enter PLUTUS.

RECITATIVE.

PLUTUS.

By the Lord Harry ! here's a lucky meeting—

PHŒBE.

My stars ! the Squire !

PLUTUS.

Come, come, there's no retreating.

DUETTO. *AIR—Great Lord Frog to Lady Mouse.*

DURFEY, vol. v. p. 298.

PLUTUS.

Grant my suit, and we shall become

Debtor here, creditor there :

Take these notes ; a precious sum !

Payable on demand.

You shall have a coach and four,

And of livery Jacks a score ;

I've to pay them o'er and o'er

Paper enough in hand.

PHOEBE.

On these terms we ne'er can be

Debtor here, creditor there ;

I care not for notes a flea

Payable on demand.

PLUTUS.

Since you scorn my cash-account

Debtor here, creditor there,

Value I'll have without amount

Payable on demand.

PHŒBE.

Get you gone, you scurvy patch,
 Or I vow I'll claw and scratch.
 Here comes one, that's more your match—
 He shall take you in hand.

SCENE VII.

Enter PHILANDER.

RECITATIVE.

PHILANDER.

Avast ! sheer off, old Mammon,
 What ! not content to gammon
 A man of every acre,
 And leave his coffers empty ?
 What devil in hell could tempt ye,
 Like an old crafty pirate,
 My lawful prize to fire at—
 Thus fore and aft to rake her,
 And then to board and take her,
 And be damn'd t'ye ?

PLUTUS.

Philander! zounds! what ill-wind blew him hither?

Enter THYRSIS.

THYRSIS.

Heigh! here's a hubbub.

PLUTUS.

Out! you great Bell-weather—

PHŒBE.

So here are all my sweethearts met together.

QUARTETTO. *Air—A Tory, a Whig, and a moderate
Man.* DURFEY, vol. v. p. 321.

PHŒBE.

A captain, a squire, or a clown, I may chuse,

So by sea and by land

I have all at command:

But I know which to take, and which refuse.

PLUTUS.

Ere long both my rivals shall feel my wrath.

THYRSIS.

O too many cooks they spoil the broth.

PHILANDER.

Avast! ye land-lubbers, I'll buffet you both.

PHCEBE.

Philander my love shall be.

PLUTUS, (*to Philander and to Thyrsis.*)

As for you, my boy, you may take my word,

I'll write to the Lords of the Navy-board,

And you, sirrah! clown—

THYRSIS.

I'll crack your crown.

PLUTUS.

I'll have you sent down

To the county jail, for rent in arrears to me.

THYRSIS.

I care not a straw

For you nor the law.

PLUTUS.

I warrant you'll sing to a different tune,

And that full soon.

ALL.

THYRSIS, (*to Phæbe.*)

I'd have you to know I'm no poltroon.

Then chuse for your love, tho' he be but a loon,

The stoutest of all the three.

PHŒBE.

I'll chuse for my love neither squire nor the loon,
The Captain's the man for me.

PLUTUS.

I'll have her in spite both of sailor and loon,
I'm richest of all the three.

PHILANDER.

We'll leave in the lurch both the squire and the loon,
This way, my dear Phœbe, with me.

[*Exeunt.*

*(Thyrsis drives Plutus out on one side, and Philander
conducts Phæbe on the other.)*



SCENE VIII.

Enter MYRTILLA.

RECITATIVE.

MYRTILLA.

No Thyrsis yet! well! please the pigs, I'll match him.
How I will worret him, when next I catch him.

SONG. AIR—*My Mistress is a Hive of Bees.*

DURFEY, vol. i. p. 158.

Just like a pin without a head
 Are poor deserted women :
 Or like a needle wanting thread,
 Or gown with ne'er a trimming.

But flounce or frill we add at will ;
 In love the case far worse is :
 No spinster's art can to my heart
 Supply the loss of Thyrsis.

A cap, whose fashion lasts a day,
 A glass, too crack'd to gaze on,
 A shatter'd fan, an old bouquet,
 A short-liv'd demisaison ;

True lover's notes turn'd papillots,
 In spite of vows and verses ;
 All these once worn, perus'd, or torn,
 Fare just like me with Thyrsis.

A waiting maid cashier'd of vails,
 Or tradesman out of pocket,
 Oft' in revenge tell naughty tales,
 And charge for ring and locket.

Though madam shuns the tiresome duns,
 And shuffles, shams, and curses,
 Yet still they call, till she pays all—
 And thus I'll deal with Thyrsis.

SCENE IX.

Enter THYRSIS, not observing Myrtilla.

RECITATIVE.

MYRTILLA.

O here he comes, the parjur'd gay deceiver.

THYRSIS.

Heigh! Phœbe flown! O what a dunce to leave her.
 So while I trounc'd the Squire, she takes the Captain.

MYRTILLA, (*aside.*)

And for your pains a prison you'll be clapt in.

THYRSIS.

Odds-bobs ! I'll after.

MYRTILLA.

Stay thou, false and fickle.

THYRSIS.

O Gemini ! here's a rare rod in pickle !

✓

SCENE X.

Enter PLUTUS behind with Bailiffs.

CATCH. AIR—'Twas you Sir, 'twas you, Sir,

PLUTUS.

That's he, sir, that's he, sir,

Lug out your parchment squeezer,

For rent unpaid—you know your trade—

That's he, sir, he.

BAILIFFS.

We see, sir, we see, sir,
 We'll nab him like a flea, sir.
 If rhino fail, he must to jail,
 Along with we.

THYRSIS.

Nay, sir, pray, sir,
 It is not long to stay, sir ;
 Let go your hold, and I'll find gold,
 'Gainst quarter-day.

QUINTETTO. *AIR—Fye now prithee John.*

MYRTILLA.

O have pity, sir,
 Cash I'll get ye, sir.
 Stop my wages, I'll freely pay.

PLUTUS.

Sure the jade has lost her wits.

MYRTILLA.

Here take my vails, my perquisites.

BAILIFFS.

We'll all go snacks.

THYRSIS.

So now we're quits.

PLUTUS.

But I say nay.

BAILIFFS, (*to Thyrsis.*)

Mind your eye, or in a crack

We'll lash your hands behind your back,

Though you look blue and sweat and stew,

You must come away.

THYRSIS.

Blood! hands off, or in a crack

I'll lay you sprawling on your back.

The Squire and you are all too few

To force me away.

PLUTUS, (*to Bailiffs.*)

Do your duty. (*To Myrtilla.*) Hold your clack,

Aye, that's your sort, here this way, Mac.

I'll make you rue, you scoundrel you,

Away boys, away.

MYRTILLA.

Well-a-day! alack! alack!

He's gone and never will come back.

My love adieu! and money too,

They're both flown away.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in Plutus's House.

Enter PLUTUS and UCALEGON.

RECITATIVE.

PLUTUS.

FETCH me my mask. Thus muffled I'll assault her.

UCALEGON, (*aside.*)

Arrah! your honour well deserves a halter.

(*Exit Plutus disguised.*)

UCALEGON.

Och! but I'll paich, and that you may rely on,
Sure as my name's Ucalegon Orion.

SONG. AIR—*Hubbubbubboo*. DURFEY, vol. i. p. 74.

Hubbubbubboo ! hubbubbubboo !

The Squire shall rue,

Though none but Pat

Knows what he 's at,

Och ! I've a skull

Of brains so full,

I scarce know what to do.

Hubbubbubboo ! hubbubbubboo !

Laive Pat alone

To pick a bone,

He naids no friends

To work his ends ;

O then laive Pat alone

To pick a bone.

This precious nob

Shall do the job.

A fig for Bail—

We'll fire the jail,

Break loose, and scale,

Defy the law

Shilleleagh draw,

Drink, Usquebaugh—

Huzza ! huzza ! huzza !

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Before Philemon's Cottage.

Enter JUPITER, MERCURY, and MYRTILLA.

RECITATIVE.

JUPITER.

Cheer up—take heart—for shame, ne'er whine and
blubber,

Two tars at least are match for one land-lubber.

MERCURY.

Or if 'twill comfort you—take my confession,
To speak the truth, we're conj'ers by profession.

JUPITER.

Know I can thunder.

MERCURY.

Trust me, I'm no mocker—
I'd fetch him back, tho' fast in Davy's locker.

(*Shews his caduceus.*)

TRIO. AIR—*Viva tutte le vezzose.*

MYRTILLA.

Pooh ! 'tis plain you mean to joke us
With your conjure hocus pocus. -

JUPITER AND MERCURY.

What you've said, you'll ne'er maintain.
What we've said we will maintain.

MYRTILLA.

Then, good gentlemen magicians,
Prithee name your own conditions,
How may I my love regain ?

Good magicians

What conditions ?

JUPITER AND MERCURY.

Hocus pocus.

MYRTILLA.

How may I my love regain ?

ALL.

JUPITER AND MERCURY.

We poor gentlemen magicians
 Grant your suit on these conditions.
 We must kiss you once again.

MYRTILLA.

Fye, good gentlemen magicians,
 No, no, no, on no conditions—
 You shall kiss me ne'er again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter PHILEMON and PHILANDER.

RECITATIVE.

PHILEMON.

Faith, Captain, since you talk so fairly,
 And seem to set your heart upon her—

PHILANDER.

Look ye, old gentleman, I've pledg'd the honour
 And credit of the Navy.—

PHILEMON.

An oath I know you prize as dearly
As if you took your davy.

PHILANDER.

Besides, d'ye see ? I've made some prizes,
While cruising on the high seas
'Twixt Brest and St. Domingo.

PHILEMON.

Your fist.—She's your's by jingo.
In proof of which I'll broach my stoutest stingo.

SONG. AIR—*Bumper Squire Jones.*

A bargain my buck ;
'Tis just pudding-time ; so without more ado
Put up with pot-luck :
The guests are all seated,
And wish to be treated ;
We wait but for you.
Dame Baucis with grief
Sees her pudding and beef
Which she dish'd piping hot, growing cold as a frog.

And I long to be spreading
The news of your wedding,
And toast the young couple in bumpers of grog.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

An Apartment in Plutus's House.

Enter PANDORA with a mask in her hand.

RECITATIVE.

PANDORA.

I come, I fly.—Tremble perfidious squire—
Love and revenge the wrong'd Pandora fire.

SCENE VI.

*Enter on one side MYRTILLA with a domino, &c. and on
the other UCALEGON in a hurry.*

TRIO, a Medley. 1st AIR—*Ti riverisco.* PAISAELO.

PANDORA.

Dido's brand—Roxana's chalice—
Floating robes—dishevell'd hair.

2d AIR—*Molly Mog.*

MYRTILLA.

Dear madam, your gown and tippet,
Your curls I'm come to place.

PANDORA.

See! for very rage and malice
How their mangled limbs I tear.

(Takes the domino and tears it.)

MYRTILLA.

O Lauk! twas a pity to rip it.
The sweetest Mechlin lace!

PANDORA.

Now I mount Medea's chariot.

3d AIR—*I live in the Town of Kilkenny.*

UCALEGON.

My Lady, the carriage is ready.

PANDORA.

Fiery Dragons swift pursue.

UCALEGON.

Your ladyship's coach and four.

PANDORA.

Jason—O that false Iscariot!

UCALEGON.

Old Coachy so stiff and steady.

PANDORA.

With his Argonautic crew—

UCALEGON.

Dicky, Post-boy, myself and Neddy,
Are waiting below at the door.

ALL.

PANDORA.

Dread my wrath, thou trembling varlet,
Now I come, and now I fly.
Hence thou foul, detested harlot—
Die, perfidious traitor, die.

MYRTILLA.

Your Ladyship's gown and tippet,
 You've draggled and torn like a clout :
 But since 'twas your fancy to rip it,
 I means to wear it out.

ALL.

UCALEGON.

The horses begin to grow frisky
 With standing so long at the door ;
 The servants have tippled their whisky,
 And grumble for want of more. [Exeunt.

(*She boxes the maid, stabs the footman with her fan, and
 exit, leaving them both in amazement.*)

SCENE VII.

*Philemon's Cottage ; Philemon, Philander, Jupiter, Mercury,
 Baucis, Phæbe, and Rustics, are discovered seated round
 a Table, with Horns and Tankards, &c.*

CHORUS. AIR—*Nimbly, nimbly.* M. LOCKE.

Freely, freely, freely, freely, let the tankard foam,
 To the echo, to the echo, to the echo of Harvest-home.

SONG. *Air—Cease rude Boreas.*

PHILANDER.

Fill a bumper, fill a bumper—
In one roaring toast combine,
Of our foes each gallant thumper.—
—Here's to all the British line.

CHORUS.

Cheerly, cheerly, cheerly, cheerly, join in vocal glee,
To the echo, to the echo, to the echo of Three times three.

PHILANDER.

From heroes fam'd in earlier story,
To the Chief, whose radiant star,
In a setting blaze of glory,
Sunk, alas ! at Trafalgar.

CHORUS.

Cheerly, cheerly, &c.

PHILANDER.

Nor forget th' impartial service
Which aspires to half the worth.—
—Here's to brave and generous Jervis—
He who sent the warrior forth.

CHORUS.

Cheerly, cheerly, &c.

PHILANDER.

To Duncan, Hood, and Howe, victorious,
 Last to him, whom last we mourn,
 Late assign'd a station glorious
 Near to Nelson's sacred urn.

(A knocking at the door.)

RECITATIVE.

PHILEMON.

There's some one knocks.

BAUCIS.

We'll welcome in all comers.



SCENE VIII.

Enter at opposite sides PLUTUS and PANDORA masked.

PHILEMON.

Rare doings! neighbours—here be masks and mummings.

JUPITER.

Avast ! here's ruin to the Squire and Madam.

MERCURY.

We'd tar and feather both if here we had 'em.

ALL.

Huzzah ! huzzah !

PHILEMON.

Strike up, old Catgut-scraper.

SYMPHONY.

MERCURY, (*to Pandora.*)

Come on, old lass, if you've a mind to caper.

(*Baucis presents Plutus to Phæbe, and Philander to one
of the young women of the Chorus.*)

BAUCIS.

Nay, Phæbe, come, for once give up Philander.

PHILANDER.

What ! shift my flag ?

PHŒBE.

Deuce take this Merry *Ander*.

DANCE. AIR—*The Hottentot-Dance.*

Dr. CROTCH'S NATIONAL AIRS.

(During the dance Plutus draws Phæbe to one side of the Scene, and Pandora entices Mercury to the other.—The dance ends abruptly.)

RECITATIVE.

PHŒBE.

Help, neighbours, help!

MERCURY.

O save me from this fury.

BAUCIS.

A rape, a rape! O for a judge and jury!

PHILEMON.

Off with their masks.

PHILANDER.

Give chase, and clear for action.

PLUTUS, *(to Phæbe.)*

You strive in vain.

PANDORA, *(to Mercury.)* '

I love you to distraction.

THYRSIS AND UCALEGON, *(without.)*

Hurrah! hurrah!

SCENE IX.

Enter THYRSIS, UCALEGON, and MYRTILLA.

UCALEGON.

Och ! here's a fait to brag on.

THYRSIS.

Zooks ! here I be.

UCALEGON.

Aye, thanks to swait Ucalegon.

*(Thunder and lightning, Jupiter and Mercury throw off
their disguise.)*

JUPITER.

Peace, peace, ye ninnies—Cease to gape and wonder,
And hear your sentence from the God of Thunder.

FINALE. *Air—Rail no more ye learned Asses.*

VOCAL MUSIC, OR THE SONGSTER'S COMPANION.

vol. i. p. 32.

Fear not, Baucis and Philemon,

This the Borough-Hall shall be :

For your bounty to the seamen,

You the Mayor, the Mayoress she.—

(During this song Mercury waves his caduceus, and the Scene changes to a Guildhall.—Philemon is invested with the insignia of his office, and Baucis throwing off her upper garment, discovers a fantastic habit.)

When you've rul'd a twelve-month thorough,
 Still to grace your native scenes,
 Pride and worship of the Borough,
 Here take root as Evergreens.

Grov'ling, grasping, grinding Plutus,
 Hear though late our sovereign will :
 For thy crimes nor rare nor new t' us,
 Work henceforth a Paper-mill.

There with heart-corroding cankers,
 Sort the rags, and dress the mould ;
 Spreading pulp for luckier Bankers,
 Starve 'mid substitutes for gold.

Thou, Pandora, thief and beggar,
 Troll the ballad, cry the match ;

And at night with drunken stagger
 Spread thy charms at Bunter's hatch.

(Plutus and Pandora undergo a suitable metamorphosis.)

Captain, fear no more reverses,
 Wrecks or storms, with Phæbe blest ;
 Wed Myrtilla, silly Thyrsis ;
 Honest teague, take all the rest.

*(Ucalegon salutes all the ladies of the Chorus, who crowd
 about him.)*

Thus our justice and compassion
 Here dispens'd in portions due,
 We resume our former station,
 And our Upstairs-Reign renew.

Mortals ! let not griefs and crosses
 Rack your minds with useless care :
 Life's a feast, and mirth its sauce is ;
 We award each guest his share.

CHORUS.

Life's a feast, and mirth its sauce is :

Here each guest shall take his share.

VERSES
ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND,
ON HIS
LEAVING OXFORD,
WITH HIS FAMILY, IN APRIL, 1806.

VERSES, &c.

HAIL and farewell ! to parting worth adieu !
Where'er ye roam, propitious vows pursue ;
Peace ev'ry varying scene with bounty crown,
And mark your blissful mansion for her own.
There laughing hours shall wing their glad career,
There plenty swell the product of the year,
And ev'ry sun, that warms the western skies,
Sink, with redoubled blessings to arise !

O ever priz'd, regretted, and rever'd,
By ev'ry rarer excellence endear'd.
Severe in Truth, benevolent of heart,
Mirth in your train, and social joys depart :
As some proud bark in orient trim array'd,
Wafts from Arabia's shore the costly trade,

And o'er the flood for many a league exhales
 Soft aromatic essence, as she sails,
 Thus the fair wreaths around your brows entwin'd,
 Leave as they pass a fragrant track behind ;
 Pleas'd Isis scents the richness of the gale,
 And bids your praise thro' all her shades prevail.
 For oft' beneath your hospitable dome
 Her sons enjoy'd a more convivial home,
 Where mute reserve grew confident and free,
 And moody care relented into glee.

There artless childhood with enticing wiles,
 Lisp'd the warm welcome, and discours'd in smiles ;
 Train'd to each liberal art, with courteous ease
 The youthful throng, unbidden, strove to please ;
 Whether they rous'd Cæcilia's vocal peal,
 Or skimm'd the sprightly mazes of the reel,
 Or sketch'd with infant hand the bold design,
 Each tuneful touch, light step, and faultless line,
 An equal grace adorn'd, and early trac'd
 The quick'ning seeds of Genius and of Taste.

Such were the gems—her justly vaunted store—
 Great Scipio's daughter, fair Cornelia wore;
 Sham'd and eclips'd Rome's envious matrons ey'd
 Her sterling wealth, that dimm'd their glittering pride.

Such too—blest guardians of a blooming race,
 Such are the treasures that already grace
 Your life's meridian, and await the close
 With a rich balm to sweeten your repose.

Share then, with rev'ence share the precious meed,
 To fond parental tenderness decreed:
 Just is the meed; your hands that till'd the soil,
 Now reap the golden harvest of your toil,
 Whose fruits in grateful recompense abound,
 And all your earthly Paradise, around
 Domestic joys diffuse. Nor lightly weigh
 What else the tributary Muses pay
 In virtue's score—a strain reserv'd for few—
 Hail and farewell! to parting worth adieu!

A SONNET,

ADDRESSED TO

RICHARD CUMBERLAND, ESQ.

ON READING HIS MEMOIRS.

——— Mihi mens juvenili ardebat amore
Compellare virum, & dextræ conjungere dextram.

VIRG.

AS by the Sun's attractive force control'd,
Some nameless planet in its orbit strays,
And, at immeasurable distance roll'd,
Still feels the quick'ning influence of his rays:
E'en thus my Genius kindled into praise
Of all thy life's eventful scenes unfold,
Steals a faint gleam emitted from their blaze,
Nor thou, thy Bard disdain; nor rashly hold
His zeal presumption—nor his homage spurn,
Howe'er unprivileg'd thy worth to scan,
Worth that adorns the Poet and the Man,
Hereafter doom'd a nobler meed to earn:
But, ah! neglected Cumberland, thy Fame
Can ne'er a thankless Age from infamy reclaim.

A CARD OF INVITATION,

TO THE

REV. J. J. CONYBEARE, A. M.

ANGLO-SAXON PROFESSOR IN THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

Ad quæ si properas gaudia, cum tuâ
 Velox merce veni: non ego te meis
 Immunem meditor tingere poculis,
 Plenâ dives ut in domo.

HORAT. od. xii. lib. 4.

I.

IF pickled Pilchards, clouted cream,
 Dory, or Mullet, be a theme

For a Professor's ear ;

If there's a charm in smuggled wines
 For one who proudly quaffs and dines
 With noble lords and rich divines

At Christ-Church half the year :

II.

Then welcome, Conybeare ; for thou
 Canst ease the heart, and smooth the brow,
 That mock Lenæan art.

Nurs'd in one soil we flourish'd both,
 Like brother saplings of a growth,
 That spread their meeting arms, as loath
 In riper age to part.

III.

Alike, but with unequal pace,
 One classic path we lov'd to trace ;
 Each breast one soul inform'd :
 Joint minstrels of the selfsame rhyme,
 We've trimm'd our taper from the chime
 Of midnight to the matin prime,
 With mutual rapture warm'd.

IV.

The maze of Fancy to pursue
 Thy Genius lent the ready clew ;
 Or if I sketch'd the line,
 Thy master hand reform'd the thought,
 Thy pencil to perfection wrought,
 As when Creation sprung from nought
 And felt the shock divine.

V.

Then come. In truth it ill beseems
 Thee to be scouring rusty themes :
 To grace a brighter sphere,
 Thy sterling wit from Attic store,
 Howe'er alloy'd with Gothic lore,
 Has purg'd the dross, but left the ore
 To sparkle still more clear.

VI.

Not that in these Damnonian mines
 Aught with a rival lustre shines ;
 Or claims a kindred verse :
 So, to be candid, come or not :
 But should'st thou visit my poor cot,
 That thou may'st duly pay thy shot,
 “ Put money in thy purse.”

VII.

Think'st thou gratuitous to share
 My lodging, and my dainty fare ?
 Go seek a wealthier host :

Let gen'rous Chancellors afford
 To Delegates the costly board ;
 Here would'st thou feast, the reckoning's scor'd,
 And thou must bear the cost.

VIII.

For Pilchards,* Hollybots, and Cream,
 Three quires of prose ; of verse a ream,
 For fire and habitation :
 Item, for smuggled Port, a tome
 Filch'd from Old Bodley's musty dome ;
 For Capons, Knights and Squires of Rome ;†
 For Sauce, a Dedication.

* The provincial name for Plaice.

† Octavian, Emperor of Rome ; a Romance abridged from a MS. in the Bodleian Library, and dedicated to the Author by the learned and ingenious Friend, who is the subject of the present Invitation.

WRITTEN ON AN ISLET IN NEWICK PARK.

ΠΑΝΙ. ΦΙΛΟΣΠΗΛΥΓΓΙ. ΚΑΙ. ΟΥΤΡΕΟΦΟΙΤΑΣΙ. ΝΥΜΦΑΙΣ.
ΚΑΙ. ΣΑΤΥΡΟΙΣ. ΙΕΡΑΙΣΤ'. ΕΝΔΟΝ. ΑΜΑΔΡΥΑΣΙ.

To you, ye Mountain Nymphs and Sylvan Maids,
And Pan, the Monarch of these haunted shades.

I.

SAY, Genii of the rural isle,
Where Art, to mimick Nature's smile
In miniature profuse,
Bids the luxuriant osiers grow,
And lilies from the stream below
Drink their essential juice :

II.

There, emblem of Marcello's doom,
The Cystus sheds his early bloom
Ere half the germs unfold ;
Laburnum there, with graceful flow,
Affects the drooping guise of woe,
And weeps a shower of gold :*

* Alluding to the French name, *Pluie d'or*.

III.

Say, why should Art conspire to trim
 The velvet slope, the tufted rim,
 Whose shrubs the waters kiss,
 Unless to teach how small a scope
 Might limit ev'ry mortal hope,
 Yet hold a world of bliss ?

IV.

Here might not playful Fancy trace
 The Empire of a Pigmy race,
 Or Lilliputian Rule ?
 Here mark a puny nation's pride,
 Their armies march, their navies ride,
 The tyrants of a pool ?

V.

Beneath yon willow's weeping shade
 A towering city boasts her trade,
 Her opulence, and laws ;
 Where cits grow proud, and lawyers prate,
 And little Senates hold debate,
 And Patriots court applause.

VI.

Where Prelates arm in worldly fights,
 And Slaves grow jealous of their rights,
 And Faction wields the law ;
 Where Ministers the Public drain,
 And millions waste in one campaign,
 To litigate a straw.

VII.

May no such guilt your haunts defile,
 Sweet Genii of the Rural Isle,
 Nor courts nor traffic stain ;
 For Men in islands great or small,
 When Int'rest and Ambition call,
 Become Creation's bane.

VIII.

Still be your shades with virtue blest,
 And freedom, innocence, and rest
 Adorn your harmless realm :
 Still may your banks in peace survey
 The little skiff, that steers her way,
 Where youth directs the helm.

THE SUICIDE,

FROM THE LATIN OF V. BOURNE.

—*Quis enim invitum servare labore?*

HOR.

I.

AROUND in many a flutt'ring maze,
Lur'd by the lamp's attractive rays,
That shoot athwart the gloom,
And idly buzzing with surprise,
The silly Moth disporting flies,
Unconscious of his doom.

II.

Still as he skims the faithless light,
Oft I avert his giddy flight,
And pitying oft exclaim :
“ Why would'st thou thus forestall the date
Of Death, that never comes too late
To light the funeral flame?”

III.

Headlong amid the torturing fires,
Behold, the heedless fool expires,
 A self-devoted prey :
E'en thus the wretch unpitied dies,
Who deaf to Friendship's warning cries,
 Persists in danger's way.

THE WILD HYACINTH.

Tel en un secret vallon
Sur le bord d'une onde pure,
Croit á l'abri de l'aquilon
Un jeune lis, l'amour de la nature. RACINE.

I.

IN the deep-bosom'd forest that wraps the lone valley,
Where the Sun scant'ly glimmering checkers the green,
Scarce wav'd by the gales with her clusters that dally,
Though veil'd, the wild Hyacinth lurks not unseen.

II.

Not unseen, nor uncherish'd ; for who, that of Nature
Delights philosophic the moral to trace,
E'er priz'd the proud Oak, though majestic of stature,
So dear as the flow'ret that springs at his base ?

III.

Though firm are his roots to the centre descending,
Though his boughs to the welkin imperiously tower :
Yet his are the frowns on Ambition attending ;
But grace and humility blush in the flower.

IV.

For mark, how unconscious of beauty's attraction,
The soft curling tresses and azure array,
How calm in denial, how modest in action,
She steals from the rude-wooing Zephyr away.

V.

Yet freely she quaffs of the dews of the morning,
Nor shrinks from the genial caresses of noon ;
While they with gay brilliants her chalice adorning,
Of sunshine and moisture contribute the boon.

VI.

For not by retreat, but disclosure engender'd,
Rich tints and fair verdure her blossoms attire ;
As from praise well applied, and advice gently tender'd,
Unwilling reserve gathers strength to aspire.

VII.

Then let not the shades of obscurity smother
Those endowments, dear maid, you too faintly disclose :
Be diffident still ; but be warn'd by a brother,
That ne'er without Sun the wild Hyacinth blows.

PREFACE

TO THE

GREY GEESE OF ADDLESTROP HILL.



THE following Ballad was written at Daylesford, the residence of Warren Hastings, Esq. and was suggested by the circumstance of his having removed a number of large stones which lay in the neighbourhood, to form the rock-work which adorns his grounds, furnishing materials chiefly for a little island, and the declivities of an artificial cascade.

These stones, which are situated on the summit of a hill in the parish of Addlestrop, in Gloucestershire, near the point where it borders upon the three adjoining counties, have stood for time immemorial, and

whether they owe their position to art or nature, accident or design, has never been decided ; but popular tradition has afforded a ready solution of this doubt, by ascribing their origin to enchantment.

It is accordingly pretended, that in days of yore, as an old woman was driving her geese to pasture upon Addlestrop hill, she was met by one of the weird Sisters, who demanded alms, and upon being refused, converted the whole flock into a heap of stones.

In relating this metamorphosis, no variation has been made from the ancient legend, nor has any deviation from truth been resorted to in the narration of their subsequent history, farther than by attributing to the magical completion of a fictitious prophecy, what was in reality the effect of creative invention.

The Grey Geese of Addlestrop Hill.

———Et me fecere poëtam

Pierides; sunt et mihi carmina; me quoque dicunt

Vatcm pastores: sed non ego credulus illis.

Nam neque adhuc Vario videor, nec dicere Cinnâ

Digna, sed argutos inter strepere Anser olores.

VIRGIL. Ecl. ix. v. 32.

I.

BENEATH the grey shroud of a wintery cloud

The day-star dimly shone;

And the wind it blew chill upon Addlestrop hill,

And over the Four-shire stone.

II.

But the wind and the rain they threaten'd in vain ;
 Dame Alice was up and away,
 For she knew, to be healthy, and wealthy, and wise,
 Was early to bed and early to rise,
 Though never so foul the day.

III.

O foul was the day, and dreary the way ;
 St. Swithin the good woman shield !
 For she quitted her bower in an evil hour
 To drive her geese afield.

IV.

To rival this flock, howe'er they might mock,
 Was never a wight could aspire ;
 The Geese of Dame Alice bred envy and malice,
 Through many a bordering shire.

V.

No wonder she eyed with delight and with pride
 Their plumes of glossy grey ;
 And she counted them o'er, and she counted a score,
 And thus to herself 'gan say :

VI.

“ A score of grey geese at a groat* apiece
 Makes six and eight-pence clear;
 Add a groat, 'tis enow to truck for a cow,
 And I warrant we'll make good cheer.

VII.

But ah! welladay! no mortal can say,
 What fate and fortune ordain;
 Or Alice, I ween, had her loss foreseen,
 Where most she look'd for gain.

VIII.

And didst thou not mark the warnings dark?
 'Twas all on a Friday morn,
 She tripp'd unawares as she hurried down stairs,
 And thrice was her kirtle torn.

* We are told that at an early period of our history a Goose was sold for 3d. and a cow for 7s. The superiority of Dame Alice's Geese in their pre-existent state, to judge of them by their present size, must plead her excuse for estimating them at a penny above the market price.

IX.

And thrice by the way went the Gander astray,
 Ere she reach'd the foot of the hill;
 And the Raven's croak from a neighbouring oak,
 Proclaim'd approaching ill.

X.

And now, and O now had she climb'd the steep brow,
 To batten her flock on the common,
 When full in her path, to work her scath,
 She met with a weird woman.

XI.

This Hag she was foul both in body and soul,
 All wild and tatter'd in trim;
 And pale was the sheen of her age-wither'd een;
 Was never a Witch so grim!

XII.

And "Give me," quoth she, "of thy fair poultry,
 Or dear shalt thou rue this day."
 So hoarse was the note of the Beldam's throat,
 That the Geese they hiss'd with dismay.

XIII.

But the dame she was stout, and could fleer and could flout,
 “ Gramercy ! good gossip,” she cried ;
 “ Would ye taste of my fry, ye must barter or buy,
 Though weal or woe betide.

XIV.

“ ’Twere pity in sooth ye had but a tooth,
 Ye should lack for a gible to chew :
 Belike of the claw, and the rump, and the maw,
 A Hell-broth ye mean to brew.”

XV.

O sour look’d the Hag, and thrice did she wag
 Her hoar head scatter’d with snow ;
 And her eye thro’ the gloom of wrath and of rheum,
 Like a comet, predicted woe.

XVI.

And anon she began to curse and to ban
 With loud and frantic din ;
 But the spell which she mutter’d, must never be utter’d,
 For that were a deadly sin.

XVII.

Then sudden she soars in the whirlwind, and roars
 To the deep-voic'd thunder amain ;
 And the lightning's glare envelopes the air,
 And shivers the rocks in twain !

XVIII.

But Alice she lay, 'mid the wrack and the fray,
 Entranc'd in a deathlike swoon,
 Till the sheep were in fold, and the curfew toll'd,
 Ere yet she thought 'twas noon.

XIX.

And much did she muse at the cold evening dew,
 That reflected the pale moon-beam ;
 But more at the sight, that appear'd by its light ;
 And she counted it all a dream.

XX.

Oh ! what is yon heap, that peers o'er the steep,
 'Mid the furze of the hawthorn glen ?
 With trembling and fear the Dame she drew near,
 And she knew her own Geese agen.

XXI.

But, ah! 'twas a sight of pity and fright,
 As she number'd them one by one ;
 All grisly they lay, and they lie to this day,
 A flock, as it were, of grey stone !

XXII.

“ Thy birds are not flown,” cried a voice to her moan ;
 “ Oh ! never again shall they fly,
 Till Evenlode flow to the steeple at Stow,
 And Oddington mount as high.

XXIII.

“ But here shall they stand, forlorn on dry land,
 And parch in the drought and the blast,
 Nor e'er bathe a feather, save in fog and foul weather,
 Till many an age be past.

XXIV.

“ More fetter'd and bound than Geese in a pound,
 Could aught their bondage atone,
 They shall ne'er dread the feast of St. Michael at least,
 Like Geese of flesh and bone.

XXV.

“ But pitying fate at length shall abate
 The rigour of this decree ;
 By the aid of a Sage in a far distant age,
 And he comes from the East Country.

XXVI.

“ A Pundit his art to this seer shall impart ;
 Where'er he shall wave his wand,
 The hills shall retire, and the vallies aspire,
 And the waters usurp the land.

XXVII.

“ Then, Alice, thy flock their charm shall unlock,
 And pace with majestic stride,
 From Addlestrop heath to Daylesford beneath,
 To lave in their native tide.

XXVIII.

“ And one shall go peep like an isle o'er the deep,
 Another delighted wade,
 At the call of this Wizard, to moisten her gizzard,
 By the side of a fair cascade.

XXIX.

“ This Sage to a Dame shall be wedded, whose name
Praise, honour, and love shall command ;
By poets renown’d, and by courtesy crown’d
The Queen of that Fairy Land.”

XXX.

Here ceas’d the high strain : but seek not in vain
To unravel the dark record :
Enough that ye wot, ’twas trac’d to the spot,
By a Clerk of Oxenford.

PUG'S MASQUERADE;

A SEQUEL TO THE

PEACOCK AT HOME,

INSCRIBED TO MISS LOVIBOND.

With smiles quoth Pug, "if pranks like these
The giant-apes of reason please,
How would they wonder at our arts!
They must adore us for our parts."

GAY, Fab. XL.

PUG'S MASQUERADE.

THE mirth and good breeding, the pomp and the state,
And the dainties display'd at Sir Argus's Fête,
By those who were present will ne'er be forgot,
But 'twas deeply resented by all who were not ;
And most by the Bat, of whose groundless pretension,
Not a soul but herself had vouchsaf'd to make mention ;
For they knew that her race was amphibious, her birth
Education and parentage, savour'd of Earth :
'Twas true she had wings ; but then who'd give one feather
For twenty such wings manufactur'd of leather ?
Thus cross'd in her claims of aërial extraction,
She acted as chief of the opposite faction :

Intent on revenge, all the day was she brewing
 Dark plots, as she clung to the roof of a ruin ;
 With the first dews of twilight she ventur'd to fly,
 And arriv'd by short flits at a Forest hard by,
 Where lately recall'd from his tour, in a pet,
 Condescended to settle Sir Fop Marmoset,
 A Monkey of promising parts ; but his Aunt,
 Old Lady Baboon, was her chief confidant ;
 “ Dame Bat,” quoth my Lady, “ What news? you look
 moody—

“ Still piqu'd at the Peacock's neglect, my dear goody ?”
 “ Eh ! ma foi c'est dommage,” interrupted Sir Fop—
 “ I piqued?” cried the Bat, “ 'twas a pitiful hop—
 Besides, to haut ton what pretensions have I ?—
 But for Apes to be rivall'd in fashion—O fie !
 My taste is Retreat—Dissipation your trade—
 Come, what say ye both to a grand Masquerade ?
 O think how 'twill *ruffle* each feather'd pretender,
 When they hear of the fame which your triumphs en-
 gender.

The Peacock's proud tail will shrink down to a Lizard's,
 And the Goose and the Turkey-cock fret in their gizzards,

On his dunghill let crest-fallen Chanticleer crow,
 But ne'er think to vie with a quadruped Beau."
 Ne'er did Flattery fail in the purpose requir'd ;
 With noble ambition Pug felt himself fir'd ;
 Talk'd much of the Carnival, much of the Louvre,
 Of music, snuff, painting, Von Trump and Von Couvre ;
 And vow'd he would shew—that he would, by St. Denis,
 How these matters were order'd in France and at Venice.

In a word, all was fix'd : great arrangements were made,
 And nothing was heard of but Pug's Masquerade.
 But first 'twas agreed for the sake of fair play
 'Twixt the peaceable Tribes, and the Myriads of prey,
 That the Lion should issue a strict proclamation,
 For a truce to be sign'd throughout all the creation.
 The Fox was the first to subscribe to the law,
 And the Hind to the Panther presented a paw—
 The Hound and the Stag become intimate friends,
 And the Hare's universal acquaintance extends.

These matters adjusted, the cards flew by dozens,
 To all of Cat-kin, to the ten hundredth cousins,

For their's was blood-royal.—But what was most hard,
 'Twas thought useless to trouble the Bat with a card :
 So the poor meddling fool, as will often befall,
 After cringing to both, was *discarded* by all :
 Besides, she was shunn'd as an evil-foreboder ;
 And the Stoat and the Badger were both in bad odour.

Poor Dor was condemn'd as a mouse of no soul,
 And the Sloth was best pleas'd to be left in his hole.
 Some objected the Hedge-hog was apt to be rough,
 Though the Porcupine's quill might be polish'd enough :
 He was huff'd that his kinsman was treated so ill,
 So shot back the card that they sent, on a quill.
 John Bull was invited, but swore they might ask
 Long enough, ere he'd caper about in a mask—
 He detested all kind of disguise, for his part,
 And would wear his own face—'twas the pledge of his
 heart.

His Lady alledg'd her accouchment drew near,
 And her daughter Miss Heifer, and young MasterSteer, }
 Were neither as yet of an age to appear.

Mrs. Sow lay in straw, but had open'd her sty
 To inspect the stray masks, as they chanc'd to pass by ;
 'Twas a tiny boudoir, rather straighten'd for room,
 Where she welcom'd her guests in a Chinese costume ;
 While her new-litter'd brood made a marvellous show,
 Like so many Josses, all squat in a row.
 But the grand Rendezvous was a Terrace, that stood
 Round about a wide plain, that was circled with wood,
 Like a vast amphitheatre—straight from whose centre
 An avenue branch'd, where they all were to enter :
 There spruce Marmoset, with a reverence due,
 Receiv'd all his friends, as they made their debut,
 In a suit—to exhibit a greater display—
 Precisely the same as depicted by Gay ;
 The same Bag and Sword, and the well-powder'd hair,
 And the Chapeau de bras, and the black Solitaire :
 As for mask, he wore none, as befitted his post ;
 For that night he enacted the part of mine host.
 But my Lady Baboon in a drap'ry of Shawl,
 Like the great Munny Begum arriv'd from Bengal,
 Sat thron'd on a Cushion for pomp and repose,
 With a Fan in her hand, and a Ring at her nose :

'To her all the company bow'd as they pass'd ;
 But their names to recount from the first to the last,
 How all were accoutred, what each represented,
 Were a task, if endeavour'd, might well be repented :
 Such motley disguises would surely perplex
 Linnæus himself to determine their sex ;
 And their tongues to interpret, their morals explain,
 Might puzzle the wit of unrivall'd Fontaine.
 But to follow the list handed down by tradition—
 The Lion first honour'd this grand exhibition ;
 But not in full state ; for the Crown, and the Globe,
 And the Sceptre that night, and the long-flowing robe,
 Were consign'd to the Ass, who, erecting his ears,
 Appear'd as King Midas just fresh from the sheers.
 The Monarch himself, with his royal relation,
 Prince Leopard, of course came by self-invitation,
 In Vizors of gold, and fine 'Turbans array'd,
 And in rich purple Dominos fac'd with Brocade,
 The Elephant copied his mask from a Bramin,
 But was much at a loss his proboscis to cram in,
 Which aside like the tube of a Hookah he twirl'd,
 And emitted a puff, that might stifle the world.

From far Abyssinia the Camelopard
 Came post ; for the Camel had carried the card ;
 Who now took the garb of a Pilgrim from Mecca—
 An astonishing change since the days of Rebecca !
 The Colt represented an unbridled rake,
 Who in spite of the manege, the bit, and the break,
 Rush'd in neck or nothing ; for why ? 'twas his fate
 To be born to a Title and landed estate ;
 Was fam'd on the turf, of his pedigree proud,
 And bragg'd of the smiles of the ladies aloud :
 He had broke from his stall on the banks of the Cam,
 And for Tutor consulted his Valet de Cham.
 His Tutor, the Goat, who to fill up his train
 Had been pranc'd over Europe and kick'd back again, }
 Was content to look grave, for remonstrance was vain, }
 'Twas no fault of his, if his pupil was vicious,
 He stuck to his charge, tho' by nature *capricious*,
 And still persever'd in the hope, that his vails
 Ere long would be paid by preferment in Wales.

The Mouse of the Town, a well-known Macaroni,
 Presented the Shrew-mouse once more as his crony ;

They had tippled so freely, that both being hocky,
 Reel'd in like his Grace arm-in-arm with his Jockey;
 When who to their utter amazement should stalk in,
 But puss, in the shape of Miss Tabby Grimalkin—
 The hoop, the stiff stays, and the ruffles she wore,
 Proclaim'd her a Maid at the verge of three score :
 Now doom'd in the shades evermore to drive apes
 She rail'd at Mankind like the Fox at the grapes.
 But scarce had she enter'd, when lo ! in a trice
 She was eyed and detected by both of the mice :
 The alarm was soon spread to their kindred the Rats,
 And they squeak'd in full chorus " Confusion to Cats."

The Wolf thought he made a most excellent stroke,
 In borrowing little Red-riding-hood's cloak ;
 When in spite of his basket of cheesecakes, the sham
 Was expos'd at first sight by a crafty old Ram.
 But the Lynx with his shrewd diplomatical eyes,
 Had pierc'd through the veil of each flimsy disguise,
 And explain'd with the air of a French politician,
 Their relations, alliances, plots, and position.
 But who are yon valorous Chiefs that advance,
 Like Arthur of England, and Roland of France ?

'Tis the Knight of Brazil, the renown'd Armadillo,
 Sir Rhinoceros too, who for love wears the willow ;
 A she Cangaroo was the prize of the field ;
 So they both couch'd their lances and jousted and wheel'd ;
 While Bruin the Bear, and Mynheer from Westphalia,
 Were equipp'd as Esquires in their paraphernalia :
 And long might these worthies have hugg'd and have
 hustled,

But the music struck up ; so away they all bustled.
 Aloft on a mound the Orchestra was rear'd,
 Where ranged in their ranks the musicians appear'd ;
 The Bear blew the bag-pipe, the Boar the bassoon,
 And the little pig's fife was in exquisite tune :
 But the great Sieur Mâtou with his high-diddle-diddle,
 Had brought his own *cat-gut* and play'd the first fiddle.
 A Caricaturist, who peep'd through a loop,
 With his graver immortal has etch'd the whole group.*
 A young Lioness waving the court etiquette,
 Deign'd to open the ball with Sir Fop Marmoset.
 The minuet clos'd, crowds of couples advance,
 In the reel and the valtz, and the gay country dance.

* Vide Hogarth's orchestra.

Shock perform'd a pas seul with immortal eclat ;
 But the Kid's cotillion, and the Fawn's entrechat,
 Thy Gavotte, La Gazelle ! and Du Chevre's chassé,
 Are feats that resound in the woods to this day.
 Brother Reynard meanwhile had retir'd from the press,
 And accepted the Elephant's challenge at chess.
 In the robes of a learned King's Counsel array'd,
 If he cheated, 'twas all in the way of his trade ;
 So he shuffled his moves both above and beneath,
 And checkmated the Elephant *'spite of his teeth*.
 But my grave Lord Chief Justice, Sir Ourang Outang,
 O'erlook'd the sly thief, whom he sentenc'd to hang.

Just then a mix'd din that out-roar'd that of Babel,
 Announc'd that the Supper was plac'd upon table :
 The Turn-spit, lest such an occasion should lapse,
 Had acted as Cook, with an eye to the scraps.
 But a royal Pavilion of state had been rear'd
 By the architect Beaver, and in it appear'd,
 Prepar'd by the Jackall, a separate treat
 For the Lion, and those of his majesty's suite :
 'There Pidcock, alas ! unless Chronicles fable,
 Like an Ox roasted whole was the prime dish at table ;

Now Hell's triple-headed Molossus he feeds,
 While prancing with beef-eaters, trumpets, and steeds,
 To his mortal Menagerie triumphant succeeds
 Great Signor Polito—but reader forbear,
 Nor attempt to unravel the black bill of fare.—
 Nay, such was the general scramble that follow'd,
 The whole, ere the Muse could record it, was swallow'd,
 Tho' the remnants, if any remain'd from their pickings,
 Were chiefly the bones of grown fowls, and of chickens;
 For these gluttons had carried their envy so far,
 As e'en after death with their rivals to war:
 The Cat was content for that night with small fowl,
 Though she envied the barbecued mouse of the Owl;
 And the Fox, who gain'd most by the terms of the truce,
 Declar'd he could sup ev'ry night upon Goose:
 Not so the gaunt Wolf, who beginning to put on
 A look that declar'd much in favour of mutton,
 Was a hint broad enough for the Lamb to slink off:
 An act of distrust that caus'd many a scoff:
 The Lev'ret went next, and the Greyhound pursu'd,
 So the Truce was infring'd, and a panic ensu'd—
 In a trice all was noise, consternation, and haste,
 And away went the chasers, and those who were chas'd;

But muffled and clogg'd with the trappings they bore,
The rogues could do little but rumble and roar.

A few graver animals blam'd this proceeding,
As a breach of morality, faith, and good breeding ;
And from all that was done, and from all that was said,
Collected this caution from Pug's Masquerade.

MORAL.

They who herd with rough Brutes, must their rough-
ness endure,
“ La raison du plus fort est toujours la meilleure.”

THE
ANT AND THE CRICKET;

FROM LA FONTAINE;

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

Nuit et jour à tous venants
Je chantois, ne vous deplaise.
Vous chantiez? j'en suis fort aise,
Allez, dansez maintenant.

WHO claims a Patron, must produce
Some proof that he can be of use ;
Or feel his nose put out of joint.—
La Fontaine puts a case in point.

A Cricket all the summer long,
Like me, had chirp'd an idle song ;

And found himself in desperate plight
 When Autumn's blasts began to bite :
 Of every single scrap bereft,
 Not even a gnat's pinion left.

His next door neighbour was an Ant :
 Of her he begs, for very want,
 A short supply, till fairer weather,
 Just to keep life and soul together :
 And vow'd upon his faith and credit—
 A solemn pledge although he said it—
 Ere next September, without fail,
 He'd pay her down upon the nail.

This Ant had one, and but one fault,
 By some indeed a virtue thought,
 She was—and that past all amending—
 Inflexibly averse to lending.
 And " Pray," quoth she, " my worthy sir,
 What plea for aid can you prefer ?
 Doubtless you labour'd all the spring."
 " Faith I did nothing else but sing ;

And where 's the offence?" "O none whatever;
 Sung all the Spring! 'twas vastly clever:
 And now, with even less offence,
 You may as gaily caper hence."

With much the same pretensions you,
 Or, I to P*** might sue.

"Dear sir, consider of my case:

Give me a Seat, a Pension, Place,

I promise, if there's faith in man,

To pay."—"But how?" "Why, how I can,

By Pamphlet, Pasquin, or Review."

"We have bards and critics not a few:

Speak, and we'll see what we can do."

"I speak, alas!" "Nay, if you can't,

Adieu! you're not the man we want."

Now I like any Cricket sing,
 And you can dance like any thing:
 Bravo! dear Dick. But, should we spout,
 Jack F*** beats us out and out.

IMITATION OF HORACE,

EPISTLE X.

ADDRESSED TO

JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

BARRISTER AT LAW.

IMITATION OF HORACE.

ACCEPT, dear Boswell, you who haunt the Town,
This salutation from a Country Clown :
For, though at issue on this point, we square
In all besides, and tally to a hair ;
Each to the same prevailing bias leans,
Like to a pair of loving^a Mandarinins,
Which on the Mantel station'd side by side,
Both so devoutly seem to coincide,

URBIS amatorem Fuscum salvere jubemus
Ruris amatores ; hâc in re scilicet unâ
Multùm dissimiles, ad cætera penè gemelli.
Fraternis animis quicquid negat alter, et alter :
^aAnnuimus pariter, vetuli notique columbi ;

That, breathe a whisper, or discuss a feather,
 They nod, or shake their sapient heads together.
 But here we drop the simile, for you
 Still keep your smoky tenement in view ;
 While I, by purling brook, and flowery dale,
 A pure unclouded element inhale.
 What would you more ? 'tis my transcendant lot
 To live, to reign, the monarch of my cot ;
 Supremely blest in ignorance and want
 Of that, on which with rapture you descant :
 As the poor^b 'prentice who his trade forsook,
 Tempted erewhile to serve a pastry-cook,
 'Till gorg'd and surfeited with sweets, he fled
 To make his meal upon a crust of bread.

*Tu nidum servas ; ego laudo ruris amœni
 Rivos, et musco circumlita saxa, nemusque.
 Quid quæris ? vivo et regno, simul ista reliqui
 Quæ vos ad cœlum effertis clamore secundo :
 Utque^b sacerdotis fugitivus liba recuso ;
 Pane egeo, jam mellitis potiore placentis.
 Vivere naturæ si convenienter oportet,
 Ponendæque domo quærenda est area primùm,*

Would you in peace and comfort live, be wise,
 And do as Nature and plain Sense advise :
 First chuse a spot with air and elbow-room ;
 There build your house, secure of healthful bloom. —
 “ What ! quit my chambers ? burn my books ? and dwell
 For ever in the country ? ” — Where so well ?
 Where lowers the brow of Winter less austere ?
 Or where more mildly glows the sultry year ?
 There no ambitious phantoms interpose,
 To break the rest which toil to nature owes :
 Say, do the Naiads of the Fount, who sport
 ‘ And squirt through leaden pipes in Garden-court,
 So sweetly murmur, as the crystal rills,
 That gush spontaneous from their native hills ?

Novistine locum potiolem rure beato ?
 Est ubi plus tepeant hyemes ? ubi gratior aura
 Leniat et rabiem Canis, et momenta Leonis,
 Cum seniel accepit solem furibundus acutum ?
 Est ubi divellat somnos minus invidia cura ?
 Deterius Libycis olet aut nitet herba lapillis ?
 ‘ Purior in vicis aqua tendit rumpere plumbum,
 Quam quæ per pronum trepidat cum murmure rivum ?

Or vies the flinty pavement with the mead,
 Sweet to the scent, elastic to the tread,
 Oft as you trudge, amid th' incessant jar,
 To Westminster, and back to Temple-Bar ?

Nature triumphant o'er fastidious Art,
 Though elbow'd out, will still assert her part ;
 Rallies, though oft repuls'd, and takes her stand,
 Where'er she finds a vacant inch of land :
 * Where poplars rang'd along suburban walls,
 Shut out the odious prospect of St. Paul's :
 Or where the Cit, by her inspir'd to set
 His stingy, starv'ling, stint of mignonette,
 Snatches a precious glimpse of something green
 Through dim eclipse of sooty sashes seen.

Not so the Courtier's gay viranda's face,
 South to the Park, or north from Portland-place ;

*Naturam expellas fureâ, tamen usque recurret,
 Et mala perrumpet sensim fastidia victrix :*

* *Nempe inter varias nutritur sylva columnas,*

Thence oft with keener optics he supplies
 The wear and tear of diplomatic eyes :
 With what judicious poise the tube he points,
 Varies the focus, and adjusts the joints,
 Extends, diminishes, and shifts at will,
 ' From Hampstead Bowers aloft to Highgate Hill ;
 And, leering through the speculative glass,
 Ogles the Hamadryads, as they pass !
 Lo ! too with pious heed the Senate plants
 Near William's Hall Egeria's sylvan haunts ;
 Where now the pensive Nymph auspicious waits
 To prosper Parliamentary debates,
 Prompting each grave Pompilius of the nation,
 With patriotic schemes of Reformation :
 This votes a vista ; that industrious hunts
 For antique precedents—or Gothic fronts ;
 Levels a church—abolishes a place—
 And Science, Taste, and Politics embrace.
 All this, my learned friend, directly proves
 The exclusive right and title of the Groves :

Laudaturque domus, c longos quæ prospicit agros.

For to what issue tend the boasted arts
Which Court or City-residence imparts?

† Bassus, who late with analytic taste
Of mingled wines the separate flavour trac'd ;
Could name the clime and vintage of the grape,
Blindfold, unaided by the bottle's shape,
Died of a plethora.—The world may lay
The blame, alas ! to knowledge of Tocay.

‡ Timon the rich, whose trade's extensive range,
Dubs him to-day, the oracle of 'Change,
Deep in the Funds contracts for half the loan ;
To-morrow Bankrupt—cash and credit flown—
With loss of life, the forfeit of Success
He weighs, and values e'en existence less :
Victim to gold, o'erlooks the golden mean ;
And—Ah ! forbear to paint the closing scene !

† Non qui Sidonio contendere callidus ostro
Nescit Aquinatem potantia vellera fucum,
Certius accepit damnum propiusve medullis,
Quàm qui non poterit vero distinguere falsum.

‡ Quem res plus nimio delectavere secundæ,
Mutatæ quatient ; Siquid mirabere, pones

The thirst of Riches, and the thirst of Fame,
 Are much alike : they differ but in name,
 Who slaves to title, or to cent. per cent.
 Die disappointed, or live discontent.
 Ah ! fly the tempting bait. These calm resorts,
 Though poor, surpass the pride of envious courts :
 The courts of monarchs, and the courts of law,
 Alike their votaries to dependence draw.
 The Stag and Courser, as the story goes,
 About a right of Common came to blows ;
 The Horse was worsted in the strife, and ran
 In evil hour, to beg the aid of Man :
 The event was evident : He bore the sway
 Of bit and bridle to his dying day.

Invitus. Fuge magna licet sub paupere tecto
 Reges et regum vitâ præcurrere amicos.
 Cervus equum pugnâ melior communibus herbis
 Pellebat, donec minor in certamine longo
 Imploravit opes Hominis, frænumque recepit :
 Sed postquam Victor violens discessit ab hoste,
 Non equitem dorso, non frænum depulit ore.

You Lawyers thus for glory barter ease ;
^h Saddled with briefs, and spurr'd with tickling fees,
 And stretching for the Woolsack from afar,
 Pant on the circuit, founder at the bar.
 The shoe that galls and pinches, when too small,
 If stretch'd too wide, will slip—and down you fall :
 Could you but once the just dimensions hit,
 The closer to the foot, the better fit.
 Forgive my freedom, Bozzy, that I crack
 The lash of Satyr thus about your back?
 If e'er in Fortune's track you catch me tripping,
 You're fully welcome to retort the whipping.—
 So fare-you-well : Such greeting 's well enough,
 From me, a moping, melancholy Chough,

*Sic qui pauperiem veritus potiore metallis
 Libertate caret^h dominum vehet improbus, atque
 Serviet æternùm, quia parvo nesciet uti
 Cui non conveniet sua res, ut calcens olim,
 Si pede major erit subvertet, si minor uret.
 Lætus sorte tuâ vives sapienter, Aristi ;
 Nec me dimittes incastigatum ubi plura*

Who date my letter fromⁱ St. Michael's mount,
 And less on your's than on my own account,
 (Never so sad, as when so far apart)
 Wish you and Humphry* here, with all my heart.

Cogere quam satis est, et non cessare videbor.
 Imperat aut servit collecta pecunia cuique,
 Tortum digna sequi potiùs quam vellere funem.
 Hæc tibi dictabam post fanum putre ⁱ Vacunæ,
 Excepto quòd non simul esses, cætera lætus.

* Humphry Donaldson, Esq. of Whitehall.

IMITATION
OF THE
EIGHTH EPISTLE OF HORACE;

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

With remnants of Latin to welcome the Vicar.

TO — domestic Chaplain once,
And ^aSecretary for the nonce,
One of the few in Fortune's book,
Who without flattery serv'd a ^bDuke,
Commend me, Muse : and bid him thrive,
If haply he can so contrive.

CELso gaudere, et benè rem gerere Albinovano
Musa rogata refer, comiti^a scribæq; ^b Neronis
Si quærat quid agam, dic multa & pulcra minantem
Vivere nec rectè nec suaviter, haud quia grando
Contuderit vites, oleamve momorderit æstus ;
Nec quia longinquis armentum ægrotet in arvis.
Sed quia mente minus validus, quam corpore toto,
Nil audire velim, nil discere, quod levet ægrum,

Hard times ! and yet a single man
 With just twelve hundred pounds per ann.
 A good fat glebe, and surplice fees,
 May still live somewhat at his ease.
 Say, should he ask you how I fare,
 I'm building castles in the air ;
 Live, move, and breathe : and when that's said,
 Might, but for that, as well be dead,
 " What ! do his creditors importune ?
 Or has he wench'd away his fortune ?
 Or drunk, if dry ? or drawn a blank ?"
 " He neither gam'd, nor whor'd, nor drank."
 " Why then he's sick."—" You've hit the nail ;
 And most, alas ! where doctors fail :
 Sick of himself, in mind diseas'd ;
 For ever shifting, never pleas'd :
 Quits^c Town for ^dBrighton, thence in quest
 Of shelter, flies from South to West :

Fidis offender ^e*medicis, irascar amicis,*
Cur me funesto properent arcere veterno :
Quæ nocuere, sequar ; fugiam quæ profore credam,
^e*Romæ* ^d*Tibur amem ventosus, Tibure Romam.*
Post hæc, ut valeat, quò pacto rem gerat & se,

Grows a mere Chough ; denouncing those
 Who best advise, as bitterest foes :
 Sends Kidd^e and Baillie^e to perdition,
 And daily fees some new physician.”
 This said, be sure you next inquire,
 How stands the Rector with the ^fSquire,
 Whether the ^gParish seem content,
 Or grumble at their Tithes and Rent.
 If neither give him cause to grieve,
 Then wish him joy, and take your leave.
 But whisper first—though to say true,—
 None need the warning less than ———.
 “ Would you, dear ———, your friends preserve,
 Ne’er from an even temper swerve,
 With them your thoughts, your fortune share,
 And be the man you always were.”

Ut placeat^f juveni percontare, utque^g cohorti.
 Si dicet, rectè : primùm gaudere ; subinde
 Præceptum auriculis hoc instillare memento.
 Ut tu fortunam, sic nos te, Celse, feremus.

TO JULIUS FLORUS,

IN ALLUSION TO THE

THIRD EPISTLE OF HORACE.

FLORUS, I long, might I so far presume,
To learn the topics of your Common-room:
Whether you follow Massena's retreat
O'er Lusitania's geographic sheet;
And trace victorious Wellington's campaign,
Far as Oporto, from the bounds of Spain;
Or with our Cruizers sail along the chart,
Convoy the Trader to the destin'd mart;
Or Britain's eastern provinces survey,
And touch at Bourbon's Island in your way.—

**JULI Flore, quibus terrarum militet oris
Claudius Augusti privignus scire laboro;
Thracane vos, Hebrusque nivali compede vinctus
An freta vicinas inter currentia turres*

♫Fain would I know what deeds awake to song
 In Wolsey's learned bower the tuneful throng :
 Which of your quire records in Epic strain
 Our reverend Monarch's memorable reign,
 An age of Jubilee?—Just Heaven extend
 The threaten'd term !—Our King, our Sire befriend !
 We kiss the Sceptre, which our foes hath awed,
 At home an Olive-rod, a Thunder-bolt abroad.
 'But say, what news of Celsus ? Him shall Fame
 Ere long illustrate by a brighter name :
 A Genius cast in Nature's fairest mould,
 Perception quick, Imagination bold,
 A Taste correct, of Wit a sparkling vein,
 A Memory deep, and constant to retain.—
 Enrich'd with all the treasures of a mine,
 He woos no Muse, a recreant to the nine,
 Or but with foreign incense heaps the shrine :

An pingues Asiæ campi collesque morantur.

♫*Quid studiosa cohors juvenum struit? hæc quoque curo :*

Quis sibi res gestas Augusti scribere sumit?

Bella quis et paces longum diffundit in ævum?

♫*Quid mihi Celsus agit? monitus multumque monendus*

Yet greet him fair ; but warn him o'er and o'er,
 As I have oft admonish'd him before,
 From Bodley's dross and rubble to refrain,
 And coin to cash his own pure-metall'd brain.

‘Lest, on some luckless day, there flock together
 Birds of all flights, of every note and feather,
 Provençals, Scalds, Monks, Minstrels, Troubadours,
 Who pecking out his borrow'd plumes by scores
 Shall leave him bare, and in as raw a state,
 As any fresh-pluck'd Under-graduate.—

‘Not least, though latest, let me next inquire
 What themes your pencil or your pen inspire :
 For both, though rivals in the graphic art,
 Content the palm of victory to part,

*Privatas ut quærat opes, et tangere vitet
 Scripta, Palatinus quæcunque recepit Apollo :*
 ‘Ne, si forte suas repetitum venerit olim
*Grex avium plumas, moveat Cornicula risum
 Furtivis nudata coloribus. ‘Ipse quid audes?*

Like sister Bees around Apollo's bower,
Together toil, and rifle ev'ry flower.

'Say, do you tune with more than Pindar's fire
To Runic rhymes the Caledonian lyre?
Or arm your heroes with dramatic rage,
To fret, and strut their hour upon the stage?
Bold as the Theban, but more wise, you spurn
The foggy lakes, yet not fastidious turn
From healthier rivers, at whose social brink,
Saxons and Northern Picts united drink:
Hail to the Bard, in whose poetic creed
Isis and Clirwell's classic banks precede
Pindar's Alpheus, Scot's enchanting Tweed!
Not like the Arabian Patriarch, he leaves
The land of Porridge for the land of Beeves,
Oat-cakes for commons; plaid for sable crape;
His very Bonnet takes a Trencher's shape:

}

Quæ circum-volitas agilis thyma?—

'Pindarici fontis qui non expalluit haustus,

Fastidire lacus, et rivos ausus apertos,

Ut valet, ut meminit nostri? fidibusne Latinis

Well-breech'd, and button'd close from hip to leg,
 "A fig," quoth he, "for Pouch and Fillibeg;"
 Enough—enough! However prone to blend
 Satire with mirth, I mean not to offend:
 You know my heart; if I have err'd in aught,
 Forgive the trespass, give it not a thought:
 But come, for come you must, though plac'd as wide,
 As Thule's cliffs from Fal's* deserted tide,
 (Where now, alas! no packets put to sea,
 But howl, like Tyrians at the tradeless quay.)
 'I'll feast my Prodigal, come when you will,
 And strain my purse the fatted calf to kill."

Thebanos aptare modos studet auspice Musâ,

An tragicâ desævit et ampullatur in arte?—

**Pascitur in vestrum reditum votiva juvenca.*

* The author takes this occasion, with respectful deference to those with whom the remedy lies, to represent the daily ruin of individuals, and as he conceives, the serious disadvantage to public service, resulting from the removal of the Government Packets from Falmouth harbour: and for better authority than his own on this subject, refers his readers to a pamphlet entitled, "A Letter on the extension of the Naval Establishment: Falmouth Harbour, &c. By a Captain in the Royal Navy." Hatchard, 1810.

IMITATION
OF THE
FOURTH EPISTLE OF HORACE,

ADDRESSED TO
RICHARD EDENSOR HEATHCOTE, ESQ.

CONDOVER PARK, SALOP.

— Memor

Actæ non alio Rege pueritiæ
Mutatæque simul togæ.

DEAR Heathcote, ever wont to blend,
The Critic with the partial friend,
Say, do'st thou bid thy pipe resound,
As^a Shenstone erst, the Wreckin round :
And teach thy Pegasus to gallop
Over the hills and dales of ^bSalop ;

^aALBI nostrorum sermonum candide iudex
Quid nunc te dicam facere in regione^b Pedanâ
Scribere quod^a Cassi Parmensis opuscula vincat?

Or wrapt in silent shades explore
 The paths of philosophic lore ?
 Or, mounted on some earth-born steed,
 For horns renounce the Doric reed ?
 Sure thou hast too much genuine fire,
 To sink into^c the Country Squire :
 The Fates to thy deserts have given
 The choicest blessings under Heaven ;
 Health, Friends, and Affluence ; the Art,
 Without profusion to impart ;
 A liberal hand, a glowing heart :
 Nature to these a manly frame,
 The Muse hath added classic fame ;
 Of wit and eloquence a store :
 What would our ^dAlma Mater more.
 Feel then thy level, and disdain,
 Each grov'ling joy, and paltry pain ;

}

An tacitum silvas inter reptare salubres
 Curantem quicquid dignum sapiente, bonoque ?
 Non tu^c corpus eras sine pectore. Di tibi formam,
 Di tibi divitias dederunt, artemq; fruendi.
 Quid voveat dulci ^dNutricula majus Alumno

And keep, whatever intervenes,
 A state proportion'd to thy means.
 In calculating Life's amount,
 Think every day will close the account ;
 And should an overplus remain,
 'Tis clear unestimated gain.
 When tir'd of too much sober sense,
 Come here and laugh at my expence.
 Thou'lt find, though sorely out of feed,
 A pig of Epicurus' breed ;
 In short, old Horace to a tittle,
 Ere he grew fat, and full of victual.

Qui sapere & fari possit, quæ sentiat, & cui
 Gratia, fama, valetudo contingat abundè.
 Et mundus victus, non deficiente crumenâ ?
 Inter spem, curamq; timores inter & iras,
 Omnem crede diem tibi diluxisse supremum :
 Grata superveniet quæ non sperabitur hora.
 Me pinguem & nitidum benè curatâ cute vises,
 Cum ridere voles, Epicuri de grege porcum.

PART OF THE TENTH BOOK
OF
OVID'S METAMORPHOSES,
TRANSLATED.

FIRE by a mortal flame, the Queen of Love,
In distant shades forgets the Cyprian grove,
Cnidos and Paphos now delight no more,
Nor Amathus renown'd for precious ore ;
E'en blest Olympus yields unenvied charms,
She knows no heav'n but in Adonis' arms :
Held in delicious chains, the captive boy
His youth inglorious wastes in idle joy ;
For him the Goddess trims her rosy bowers,
The slave and partner of his blissful hours,
For him with comely robes her form improves,
Her heavenly form, that brightens, as she moves,
With livelier beauties, and with keener loves.
Idalias Goddess, now a huntress grown,
For chaste Diana's garb forsakes her own,

}

O'er hill and dale she springs with active grace,
 Bare to the knee and buskin'd for the chase,
 Cheers the swift pack, and o'er the scented lawn
 The doubling hare and lightly bounding fawn
 With wary speed pursues ; but dreads the roar
 Of the chaf'd lion, and the bristly boar :
 For oft her fears—ill omen of thy doom,
 Ah ! luckless youth—forestall'd her woes to come.
 Oh had her boding cries, and piteous tears
 Inspir'd thy breast, Adonis, with her fears—
 As thus she spoke ! “ Too venturous youth, beware,
 Nor brave the peril that portends my care ;
 Lest the short triumphs which thy valour gains
 To me be sources of eternal pains.
 Bold though thou art—'tis madness to engage
 With brutes in strength superior, as in rage ;
 O'er harmless game indulge in boundless sport.
 These Nature arms with fury to retort :
 For, ah ! not e'en thy form or blooming age,
 The wrath of wolves and tygers can assuage ;
 Those charms that won thy Cytherea's soul,
 Can they the boar's insatiate tusk controul ?

Methinks I view the ruthless monster nigh,
 Death in his jaws, and murder in his eye,
 Swift as the bolt he points the side-long wound,
 And roots thy trampled beauties to the ground.
 Nor less from feats of daring force refrain,
 Where'er the tawny lion prowls amain :
 Sport of my scorn, that execrated brood
 Records an ancient legendary feud ;
 Which would'st thou learn—thy Venus shall relate
 The cause and wond'rous issue of her hate.
 But first awhile my spirits to restore,
 Worn for thy sake with toils unknown before,
 Here let us rest—beneath yon aspin's shade,
 A waving canopy for lovers made.
 Lo ! where around the mossy turf bestows,
 A verdant couch inviting to repose.”—
 She said—and sinking on the flowery bed,
 Beside the youth reclin'd her languid head :
 'Then thus—while ev'ry graceful turn confess'd
 Her bright divinity, the tale address'd—
 Yet pausing oft, reluctant to pursue
 With mix'd endearments interrupts the clue.

THE STORY OF HIPPOMENES AND ATALANTA.

IF Fame hath e'er reported to thine ear
A nymph for swiftness own'd without a peer,
Whose skill in rival feats could e'er subdue
The stronger sex—ne'er deem the tale untrue.
Fair Atalanta, matchless in the race,
No less excell'd for loveliness of face,
Her form and speed, competitors for fame,
Each unsurpass'd, preferr'd an equal claim,
Nor could the judgment of impartial eyes
To either grant the litigated prize—
How blest, proud dame, had been that envied state,
Had no stern counterpoise of adverse fate

Outweigh'd the good ! but fast impending woes
 In dark prophetic warnings interpose :
 For thus Apollo from the Delphic shrine
 Was heard in threat'ning accents to divine :
 " Fly, while thou may'st—sad Atalanta, fly
 The porch of Hymen, and the nuptial tie—
 Yet know thou can'st not—doom'd while yet alive,
 To lose thyself, and thou the loss survive."
 Warn'd by these oracles, the royal maid,
 In some deep forest's unfrequented shade,
 Veils her ill-fated charms : but ah ! what care
 Can from love's piercing search protect the fair ?
 Her secret haunts betray'd, a busy train,
 Their amorous suit, unwearied by disdain,
 Ceaseless intrude.—She to evade their love
 Bids them these hard conditions first approve,
 " Nor think," she said, " unpurchas'd to obtain
 The palm which Victory alone must gain :
 Vanquish'd I'll yield—with me contend in speed,
 And Atalanta be the victor's meed.
 Who fails presumptuous, shall by death atone
 His daring claim—be these the terms alone."

Though harsh the law, 'twas Beauty that decreed,
 And crowds of rash pretenders daily bleed.
 With them, spectator of th' eventful game,
 Hippomenes from far Bæotia came,
 But not by love inspir'd—he scorn'd the yoke,
 And thus indignant, as he sate, he spoke :
 “ If 'tis so perilous a wish to wed,
 Ye Gods, I envy not the marriage-bed.”
 Vain was this rash defiance—for ere long
 His heart revers'd the sentence of his tongue :
 For when her form the virgin unarray'd
 As fair and faultless as my own display'd,
 Or such as thine, Adonis, to behold,
 Had Nature fram'd thee in a female mould,
 Wild with surprise, with hands uplifted high,
 “ Not you, ye bold adventurers, but I
 Have falsely judg'd, forgive the wretch” he cries,
 “ Who spurn'd the contest ere he weigh'd the prize.”
 Warm'd with the praises, which himself bestows,
 He dreads his rivals, and with envy glows ;
 Restless he sits, with eager eyes intent,
 Surveys the course, and trembles for th' event :

" But wherefore thus, irresolute, delay
 The chance of glorious conquest to essay ?
 Great is the stake, a Mistress or a grave ;
 But fortune's dearest minions are the brave."

While thus he ponders, with as light a spring
 As shoots an arrow from the Scythian string,
 The virgin starts ; yet could her feet ne'er vie
 With the quick glances of the lover's eye ;
 Each look, each varying motion they pursue,
 And as he gaz'd his admiration grew ;
 For ev'ry charm, new-kindled by the race,
 Blush'd into blaze and quicken'd into grace :
 Her clinging vest, around her ancles twin'd,
 Wav'd as she pass'd, and flutter'd in the wind ;
 And o'er her ivory shoulders to the knee,
 Where the loose broider'd skirts asunder flee,
 Her wand'ring locks descend ; a glow more warm
 Supplants the virgin whiteness of her form :
 As some bright veil, whereon the sunbeams fall,
 Tints with a crimson shade the Parian wall.
 While yet the sight engross'd the Prince's soul,
 The race is run, and at the furthest goal

Crown'd with triumphant wreaths the Vict'ress stood :
 The groaning victims pay their forfeit blood.
 Nor could their fate the dauntless youth dissuade ;
 Firm he arose, and thus address'd the maid.
 " Mean is the prize by worthless rivals lost ;
 An easy conquest is an empty boast :
 But if a nobler zeal thy breast inflame,
 With me contending, doubly seek for fame,
 Whate'er the event—should I thy conqueror be,
 'Twere no dishonour to be foil'd by me ;
 For know from royal Megareus I spring,
 Whose sire Onchestus did from Neptune bring
 His proud descent ; thus am I fourth in blood
 From him whose trident rules the wat'ry flood,
 Nor less for prowess than for birth renown'd,
 Both, if I fail, shall to thy praise redound ;
 And deathless fame thy Victory complete,
 Ennobled by Hippomenes' defeat."
 Thus while he spoke, a tender look express'd
 The doubts that labour'd in the virgin's breast,
 Nor could her fluctuating mind decide,
 Whether unwoo'd to win, or yield a bride :

"What God," she cries, "to comeliness a foe,
 For envy points th' inevitable blow?
 And bids him thus his destin'd life forswear,
 For these poor arms a sacrifice too dear?
 Yet not his form, (though that perchance might move)
 Nor yet himself; his blooming age I love:
 His valour too to pity might incline,
 Or that he springs from Neptune's godlike line,
 Or that he loves, and sets a price so high
 Upon these charms, as for their sake to die.
 Ah! fly, rash youth; thy fatal suit forego,
 Death is my dower, and my alliance woe:
 Thy proud deserts entitle thee to claim
 Some worthier match, some more propitious dame.
 But whence this fond invidious pref'rence shewn,
 When crowds unpitied bleed, to one alone?
 No, let him fall; fit object of my scorn,
 A listless wretch, whom no examples warn.
 And must he die, and I the sentence give,
 For that he nobly strove with me to live?
 My vict'ry then a guilty deed would prove;
 His death the recompense of faithful love.

And yet not I, thy rashness prompts the sin :
 O! wert thou slow to try, or swift to win.
 What blushing grace adorns his modest mien !
 Would I had ne'er those fatal beauties seen !
 Worthy thou wert a better lot to find,
 Than share the miseries to mine assign'd.
 Or rather, would th' importunate command
 Had ne'er from wedlock held my fated hand!
 Blest had I been a mutual love to own
 Due but to thee, and but for thee unknown."
 She said ; and with a new-born passion mov'd,
 Felt all the flame, yet knew not that she lov'd.
 The many now, with shouts that rend the air,
 Demand the race, and Cæneus bids prepare ;
 When thus Hippomenes my aid desir'd :
 " Aid, Goddess, aid the work, by thee inspir'd."
 Swift to mine ear propitious breezes bear
 The winged words ; and granted was the prayer.

Around my sacred dome a garden smiles,
 The fairest portion of the Queen of isles,
 By Cypriots nam'd the Tamasean plain,
 Where shrin'd in consecrated shades I reign :

'There in the centre of the hallow'd grove
 Stands a fair plant, and proudly peers above,
 Whose clust'ring boughs bright burnish'd fruits unfold,
 And crackling leaves that vegetate in gold.
 Three glitt'ring apples from the rest I chuse,
 And at his need instruct the Prince to use:
 When, lo! the trumpet sounds, and both amain
 Start from the post, and scour along the plain;
 A step so light th' unyielding corn might sweep,
 Or graze th' unruff'd surface of the deep:
 Loud bursts of acclamation strike the skies,
 "Haste, haste, Hippomenes," the rabble cries;
 "Strain ev'ry nerve, be bold, and snatch the prize." }
 'Twere hard to tell to which the sound convey'd
 The greater joy, the hero, or the maid:
 How oft she curb'd the fury of the race
 To cast a sidelong glance upon his face!
 'Then sigh'd her own transcendent speed to find,
 Reluctant fled, and left her heart behind.
 Quick pants the youth; despair o'erwhelms his soul;
 Faint was his breath, and distant was the goal.
 'Then first observant of my will he cast
 A golden ball, that bounded as it pass'd,

Till full in Atalanta's path it lay,
 Check'd in mid flight, and lur'd her to delay ;
 When, as she stoops to seize the precious toy,
 He springs before : the many shout for joy.
 But soon the maid regain'd the distance lost,
 And still had vanquish'd at her lover's cost ;
 When straight another rolling globe he threw ;
 Again he triumph'd, to be foil'd anew.
 Short distance now remain'd, the doom accurst
 Was hard at hand, and Atalanta first :
 The Prince pursued afar : " Be thou my guide,
 Celestial author of the gift," he cried,
 And whirl'd at once, with well-directed force,
 The third bright apple, now his last resource.
 Obedient to his aim, the missive gold
 Athwart the measur'd course obliquely roll'd :
 Awhile she paus'd : I mark'd her wav'ring mind,
 And to the bias of her wish inclin'd :
 Once more the fruit she seiz'd ; the massy freight
 Impedes her course ; my power increas'd the weight.
 But, to be brief, and lest the tale appear
 To halt like Atalanta in the rear,

The Maid was beat : and with a victor's pride,
 Hippomenes exulting claim'd the bride.
 And sure, methinks, to my so potent aid
 Some gratitude was due : but none was paid ;
 The wretch unmindful how he won the prize,
 Bade at my shrine no pious odours rise.
 At this incens'd ; “ Let all henceforth be warn'd,
 Nor with impunity my power be scorn'd.”
 I said ; and kindling into sudden hate,
 Ordain'd a dire example in their fate.
 It chanc'd, that, journeying near the dread abodes,
 To the Great Mother of th' immortal Gods
 By old Echion rear'd, th' unconscious pair
 There sought the toils of travel to repair
 Beneath th' imbow'ring shades : 'twas then that, fir'd
 With fierce intemp'rate heat by me inspir'd,
 The luckless Lover burn'd. Hard by there stood,
 Hewn in the pumice rock, o'erhung with wood,
 A deep recess, in whose religious shade
 The mutt'ring priest to wooden idols pray'd :
 Here rash Hippomenes in evil hour
 With sacrilegious love profan'd the bower.

With eyes averted at the foul disgrace,
 The trembling statues totter'd to their base ;
 And on her front, that wore an angry look,
 Her hundred towers the Goddess-Mother shook.
 And first, to expiate the detested deed,
 Deep in the Stygian lake her wrath decreed
 To plunge them headlong ; but that doom had been
 Too mild a sentence for so black a sin.
 A hideous change ensues : their necks sustain,
 No longer smooth, a load of shaggy mane ;
 Their spreading hands, contracted into paws,
 For taper fingers end in crooked claws ;
 In front a mass of cumb'rous strength they find,
 And slowly drag a length of tail behind.
 Hoarse roars the throat, where words were wont to flow,
 And grim-fac'd Fury settles on their brow.
 Couch'd in the woods, eternal war they wage,
 By force subsist, and propagate in rage ;
 Dreaded by all, save Cybele alone,
 Long years of toil their sacrilege atone ;
 Her Lions now, they feel the galling rein,
 And draw with stately pace the Berecynthian wain.

TRANSLATION
OF THE
SPEECH OF THERAMENES,
FROM THE
PHÆDRE OF RACINE.

SCARCE issued from the gates, in sad array,
The Prince pursued his melancholy way ;
Beside his car with measur'd steps and slow,
March'd his stern guards, the partners of his woe ;
Pensive he bends to fam'd Mycene's plains,
And o'er the coursers drops the careless reins :
Those gen'rous coursers of ethereal soul,
Once fiery, fierce, impatient of controul,
Now droop'd the mournful head with mute accord,
And seem'd to share the sorrows of their lord.

Just then from out the deep a hideous roar
 Fill'd all the air, and peal'd along the shore,
 And from the central earth a hollow cry,
 With stifled echoes mutter'd in reply.
 Aghast in speechless agony we stood ;
 Back to each heart recoil'd the freezing blood ;
 The list'ning steeds with wild distraction gaze,
 And trembling start, and bristle with amaze :
 Meanwhile high-towering o'er the wat'ry plain,
 A liquid mountain issued from the main ;
 Th' unwieldy wave advancing to the land,
 Burst with loud surges on the sounding strand ;
 And vomited from forth the spumy flood,
 Full in our sight a grisly monster stood :
 In circling folds his slimy length he trails,
 Horn'd was his front, his limbs o'erspread with scales.
 To arm his varied form with double might,
 The Dragon fierce, and sturdy Bull unite.
 Earth trembles at his roar, the rocks reply,
 His breath contagious blots the sickening sky,
 And Ocean shrinking from th' infected shore,
 Starts back affrighted from the pest he bore.

Breathless we run some neighb'ring roof to gain,
 Nor scorn to fly, where all defence were vain.
 Not so Hippolytus : alone unmov'd,
 He dares the fight, a hero's son approv'd,
 Checks his proud steeds, and grasps in haste to slay
 His thirsty lance, impatient for the prey :
 Pois'd by no erring hand, the faithful dart
 Sinks deep, and quivers in the monster's heart.
 Frantic with rage and pain, the savage wreaths,
 As gasping at the victor's feet he breathes
 From his envenom'd jaws a mingled flood
 Of rolling smoke, and fire, and streaming blood.
 Swift scour the madd'ning steeds, and wing'd with fear,
 Nor heed the rein, nor threat'ning charioteer :
 All force and skill alike avail no more ;
 The galling bit runs crimson with their gore :
 Some God, 'tis said, as of the Fury train,
 With snaky lash provok'd their speed amain :
 O'er trackless wastes and rugged steeps they dash ;
 The rifted axle yields a deadly crash ;
 And hurl'd abroad in wild disorder far
 Fly the loose fragments of the shatter'd car.

Bound in the tangled reins, the youth is thrown,
 And in his chariot's ruin views his own :
 I saw, alas ! I saw him lifeless spread,
 Torn by the steeds his fatal bounty fed ;
 His well-known voice that should abate their fear,
 But adds new fury to their mad career ;
 The mangled carcase trail'd along the ground,
 One shapeless clot appears, one universal wound.
 Till, spent at last, they slacken in their pace,
 Drawn by strong impulse to that fated place,
 Where ancient tombs and sacred urns inshrine
 The mould'ring relics of his princely line.
 Thither we speed, and o'er the craggy shore
 Pursue the purple traces of his gore ;
 Nor vain the search ; the rocks discolour'd bear
 His flesh still quiv'ring, and his clotted hair :
 Approaching near, " Hippolytus !" in vain,
 " Hippolytus !" I cry. The Prince with pain
 Scarce rais'd his dying eyes, and clos'd again :
 Then feebly spoke ; " A guiltless death I die :
 On thee alone my parting cares rely.
 This last fond wish, Theramenes, attend :
 Thou hast been mine, be thou Aricia's friend :

And should my sire by late conviction won,
 E'er weep the fortune of an injur'd son,
 Bid him requite my melancholy shade
 With proffer'd bounty to the captive maid ;
 Bid him restore—" At this his fleeting breath
 No more could struggle with prevailing death ;
 But in my arms the shapeless body left,
 Of speech, of motion, and of life bereft ;
 So chang'd, alas ! that in that sad disguise
 The Son might e'en elude a Father's eyes :
 A wretched victim doom'd on earth to shew,
 What fatal ills from heav'nly vengeance flow.

FINIS.

ALTER L. 11. P. 233, TO

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